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SEPTEMBER, 1954
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BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 49 NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1954

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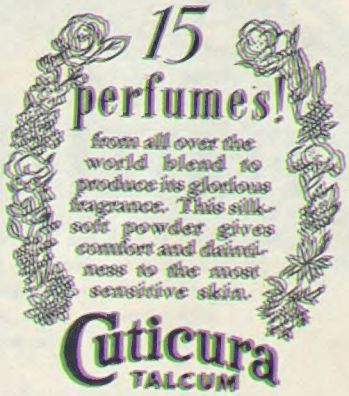
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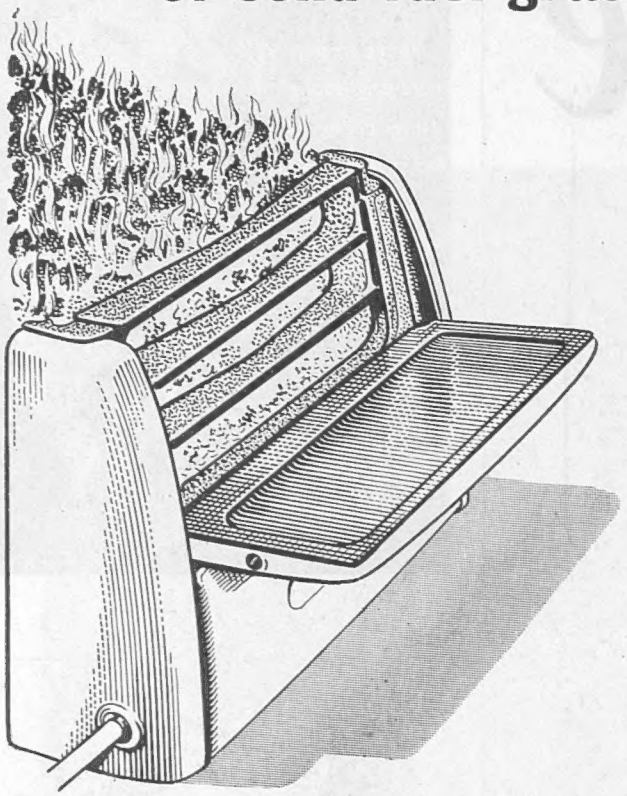

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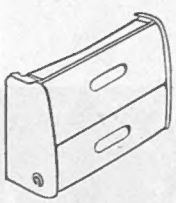

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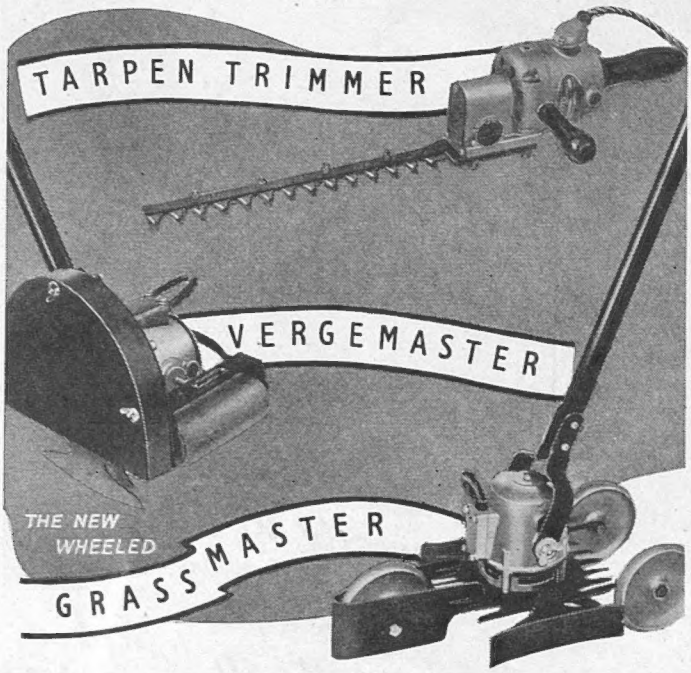

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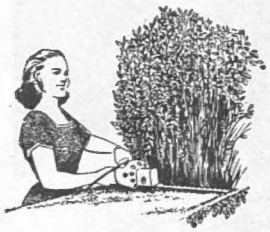

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Hearts Never Break

By JON CLEARY *Illustrations by COLEMAN*

SHE heard the front door slam as Ken left, and then she was alone. Silence crept back into the apartment like an unwelcome intruder and she was suddenly lonely and afraid. She lay on the bed, staring up at the dark ceiling, trying not to think, not to listen to the beat of her heart. From this night forward she would do best to forget she had a heart.

Hearts didn't break, despite the poets and songwriters. They went right on pumping, keeping you alive to remember the pain and shattering shock you so desperately wanted to forget. She turned her head on the pillow, putting both hands to her ears, but it was no use. The blood throbbed in her, the pulse of memory, and it came home to her that there was no escape. It had happened at dinner. Ken hadn't noticed her quietness when he had come in. He had gone downtown to see about his income tax, and on his return to the apartment he had been cursing about how much the so-and-so's were going to take.

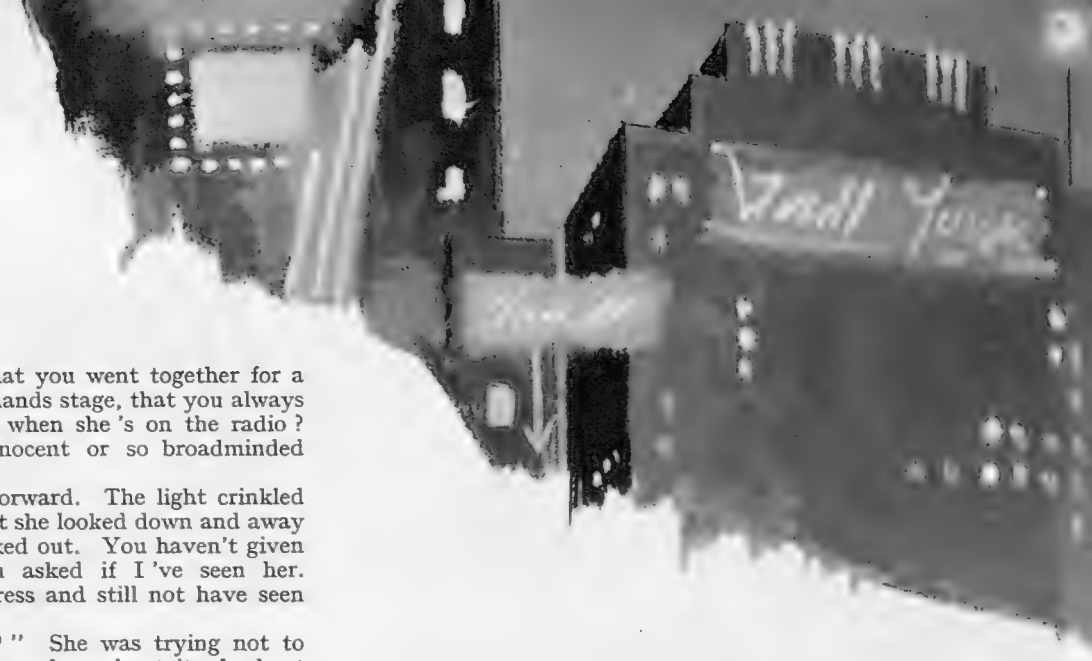
They sat down in the small dining alcove off the living-room, and as she passed his soup she gave him the old envelope she had found in the pocket of his uniform. He took it, looking at her with a puzzled frown, then turned it over and saw the pencilled name and address on the back. The frown remained on his long, lean face, but it was no longer puzzled.

He raised an eyebrow, an old mannerism, and bit his lip. Then, after what seemed a long time, he said, " It 's not what you think, honey."

" How do you know what I 'm thinking ? " Her fingers were stiff against her spoon, the knuckles showing white.

" It 's in your face," Ken said. " Just as plainly as if you 'd said it."

"All right," she said, and tried to keep her voice under control. " I do think it. I 'm sure of it. What do you expect me to think ? Do you expect me to forget that she was your



Their reunion, as reunions for lovers are, was more delirious than their first meeting

girl friend before you met me, that you went together for a year and got beyond the holding hands stage, that you always make a point of listening to her when she 's on the radio ? Do you think I 'm dumb or innocent or so broadminded I don't care——? "

" Okay," he said, and leaned forward. The light crinkled in his hair the way she liked it, but she looked down and away from it. " You 've got it all worked out. You haven't given me a chance—you haven't even asked if I 've seen her. I could have her name and address and still not have seen her——"

" But you have, haven't you ? " She was trying not to sound like a shrew ; be calm and modern about it, she kept telling herself, but the heart is a poor listener.

" Yes, I have," Ken said. " I 've seen her the last three times I 've been in Chicago. She 's singing with one of the bands on a Chicago station. And I still say it 's been nothing like you think. I bumped into her by accident——"

"All three times ? I thought Chicago was bigger than that."

" Look, Jane ! " He slapped his hand on the table ; he leaned forward urgently, appealingly. " I saw her. I admit that. I went to her hotel and we had some drinks and we talked. I told her about you——"

" I hope it was complimentary," she said. " Why didn't you tell *me* about her ? Or would that have been a little more difficult ? "

HE turned his hand over in a gesture of helplessness and shook his head. " It would have been much more difficult. Because you would have thought exactly the same as you do now." He looked at her, and in his eyes was an old look that she tried not to recognise. " I love *you*, Jane. Please get that into your head, will you ? Claire was finished the day I fell in love with you."

She stood up, standing tall and hurt and proud above him. " I thought we trusted each other——"

" That 's what I thought too," Ken said.

" If you expected trust, why didn't you tell me ? If you had nothing to hide, if you were at her hotel just having a drink and a few words," she couldn't keep the sarcasm from her voice, " why didn't you tell me ? No, I had to find out for myself. Perhaps I 've got only myself to blame. I was warned that American men like to play, even after they 're married——"

" Don't let 's start bringing nationalities into it," Ken said. " You could have married an Australian. I didn't hijack you."

She walked past him, across the living-room and small hall into the bedroom. She closed the door quietly, keeping a tight control on herself, then abruptly she threw herself on the bed and cried silently till her throat was aching and full.

And now he was gone, out to LaGuardia to take the midnight flight out to Chicago and Claire. He hadn't come in to say good-bye, to ask her forgiveness, nothing. He had sat out there in the living-room, not moving, the presence of him coming through the closed door to be here in the bedroom with her, then she had heard him stand up, his heels thumping hard on the floor, and in a moment the front door had slammed. She was alone and lonely in the loneliest city in the world, on her tongue the taste of final farewell and on her fingers the smudge of the ashes of her marriage.

THEY had met at a party at Point Piper. It had been stifling in the crowded, laughter-charged room and she had walked out on to the verandah, glad to escape for the moment from the mad, merry-go-round atmosphere of the wartime party. Sydney Harbour was bright silver under the moon, and a ferry, black and silent-moving as a cat, went across the shining mirror of the water. Over to the west car lights rode the sky going over the Bridge and somewhere a ship's siren hooted, sad and lost against the gaiety of the party behind her.

" That 's a swell sight. Moonlight on the water always weakens me." He was standing beside her, tall and lean as a mountain tree, sober-faced and somehow out of place at a party such as the one inside. Then suddenly he grinned down at her, the serious look crumbling away on his face. " Beautiful girls also weaken me."

" I had begun to think you were different," she said. " But you 're all tarred with the same brush."

"Are you anti-male or anti-Yank ? " The grin was suddenly gone. " Some of you people take a dislike to us without even trying to get to know us——"

" Now hold your horses ! Who trod on *your* toes ? I said nothing about Yanks. All I said——"

" I 'm sorry." He put his hand on her arm ; it was almost a shy but pleading gesture, as if he were afraid of losing her now that he had met her. " Sometimes you run up against people who rub it into us. Call us overpaid, overfed, oversexed——"

"And over here." She smiled, and her dark eyes glinted with some of the brightness of the moon. " I 've heard that one. But they are the wowsers——"

" Come again ? "

" Sourpusses. Bluenoses. We 're not all like that." She put out her hand in the direct, frank manner she had. " I 'm Jane Priestley. Welcome."

He took her hand. " I 'm Ken Stevenson. Glad to know you." He looked back over his shoulder at the throbbing, overheated room. " You enjoying the party ? "

" Not particularly. I like parties, but this is just a stampede."

" You got a coat ? "

" Yes."

" Get it, and I 'll show you Sydney."

" Wonderful," she said drily. " Twenty-two years I 've lived here, and I 've never really looked at it."

" You 're in a rut," Ken said. " No initiative."

" How can we have any ? " She smiled. " Haven't you Americans cornered the market in it ? "

He grinned back at her. " Okay. Round one to you."

THEY caught a cab, no trouble at all when they stood under a street lamp and gave the cab-driver a chance to see the American uniform, and went over the Bridge to Luna Park. They rode on the dodge-'ems and tried their luck in the shooting galleries and ate fairy floss, and found the night was composed of fun and laughter and a sudden awareness of each other that belonged to more than just the moment.

He took her home to Coogee, to the house on the high seacliffs where she lived with her mother and father. They stood at the door without speaking, and when he took her in his arms it was as natural as if they had been lovers for years. He kissed her, and far out on the edge of the world the moon shattered to a million fragments on the restless sea. Her arms went round his neck and her life turned over, bright side up, and she was returning his kiss, passionately and yet tenderly, her love of one night here about her.

Ken was a captain in the Fifth Air Force, and he was in Sydney with other members of his group waiting to take delivery of a new batch of Lightnings. They had ten days together, and life for her had never been so hectic and full and complete with happiness. Their second night together he told her about Claire Browne, the singer with the band in San Francisco. But Claire was nine thousand miles away

and a million years back in the past, and anyhow she had written Ken that she was thinking of marrying the band leader. So there were only Jane and Ken together here in the present, and when on the last day of his stay he asked her to marry him, there was nothing to consider but their future happiness. And that seemed safe enough, but for one thing.

" Will you mind coming to live in the States ? " Ken said. " You 'll be a long way from all your friends."

" You 've forgotten something," she said. " I 'm marrying you, not my friends."

" Will I be enough ? " he said. " That 's what worries me. Will you get lonely sometimes ? How will you feel if we have arguments, with no one to talk to ? "

"Are we going to have arguments ? "

" Most married people do." He smiled, and lifted her up to him. She clung to him, and the world couldn't touch them : they were impregnable. " But we 'll be different."

Three months later he came down from New Guinea on a ten-day furlough. They were married, and went to Narooma for their honeymoon. They lay on the white sand, and the sea was blue and silver and heavy-bellied in the hot sun, and

She stood leaning against the wind, her lips moving in soundless prayer

behind them the hills slept like lions against the sky, and time and the world were down behind them, meaning nothing in this idyll that could last only so short a time.

He went back to New Guinea and on to the Philippines, and yet he stayed with her : the echo of his whisper against her ear, the memory of his hard-muscled closeness in the night, the photo of him that was so alive it was sometimes a shock to realise it couldn't answer her when she spoke to it. The war took a long time to end, deliberately stretching out to keep them apart, but at last it was over and she was on the ship for the States.

Their reunion, as reunions for lovers always are, was more delirious than their first discovery of each other. They stayed in San Francisco a week, then crossed the country to New York. Ken, through a friend in his group, had got a job as a pilot with a commercial airline working out of New York.

They lived in hotels for the first year, and while Ken was away on flights Jane came to know the meaning of true loneliness. She didn't have her mother and father to turn to now, or her girl friends, and when she went out to escape the claustrophobic loneliness of the hotel room she walked streets that were unfamiliar, looked at faces that were in too much of a hurry to be friendly, was lost and sometimes afraid in a city that had no time for the lost and afraid.

Ken had never been to New York before, and they shared the thrill of learning about it. They went to the smoky jazz haunts in the Village, walked in the bewildering glare on Broadway, crossed the river to Brooklyn and found that Americans lived there.

" This is for me," Ken said. They were sitting in Central Park ; beyond the trees the sky rose clear and smooth above the frieze of Manhattan. " How 's it for you ? "

" I love it," she said, and pressed his hand. " But that 's because I love you."

" There must be some connection somewhere," Ken said. " But I 'm not going to work it out. Just kiss me, woman."

" In front of all these people ? "

" You ashamed of me or something ? "

She kissed him, and the crowd just smiled and walked on ; love in the spring in Central Park was nothing to call the cops about.

Claire came back into their lives. Ken turned on the radio one night and after a few moments said, " That 's Claire Browne ! "

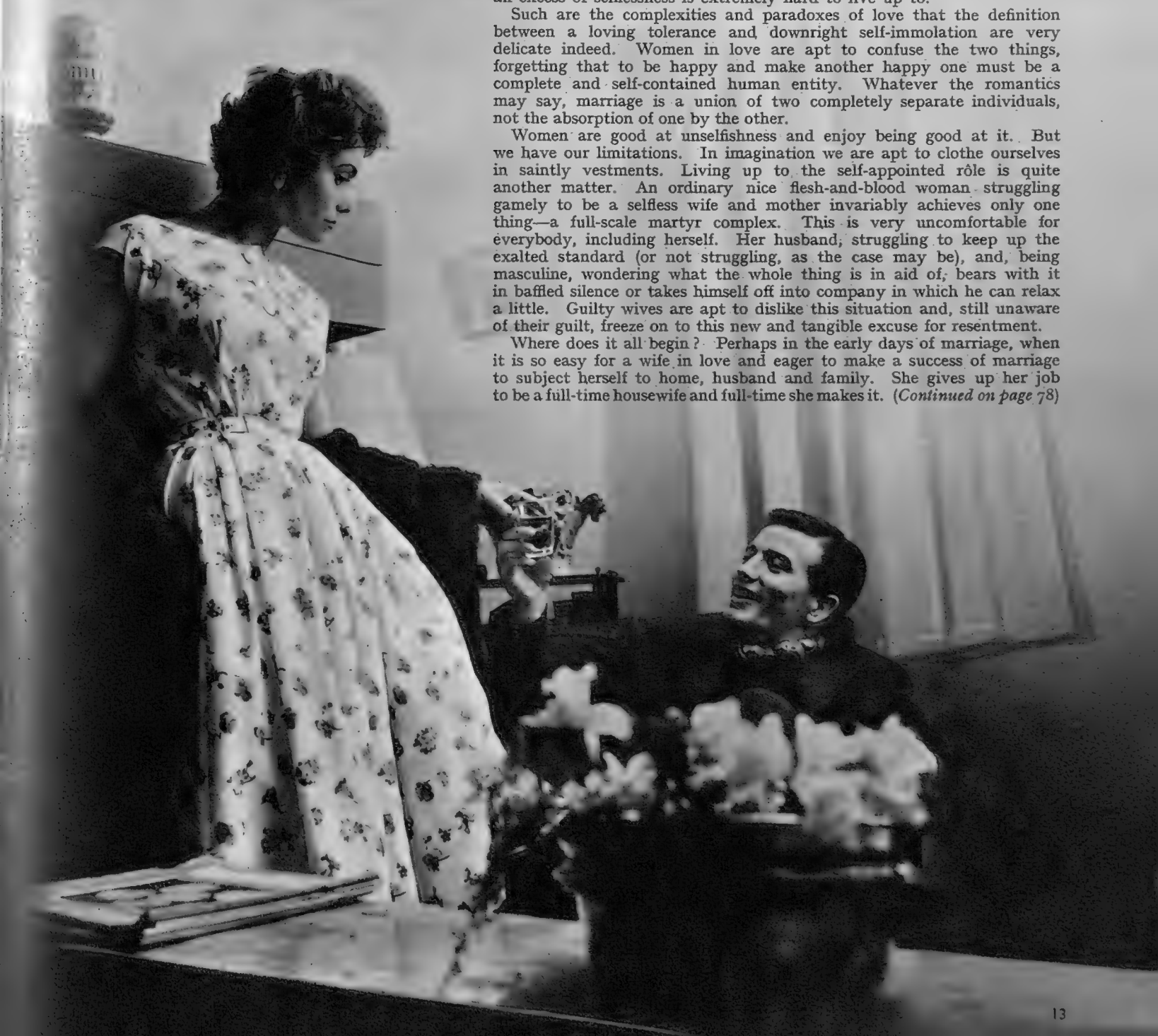
" How do you know ? " Jane said. " She sounds like a million other singers."

(*Continued on page* 66)

They struggle so hard to achieve perfection in marriage, yet only succeed in becoming

By PHOEBE SNOW

Guilty Wives!



EVER since human beings could talk, women have been telling each other how baffling it is that men should so often seem to lay their hearts at the feet of self-seeking women whilst scorning the gentle and unselfish qualities of what they—women—suppose to be the ideal wife.

For about the same length of time men have been trying to escape from fine, unselfish qualities in women. You cannot blame them, because an excess of selflessness is extremely hard to live up to.

Such are the complexities and paradoxes of love that the definition between a loving tolerance and downright self-immolation are very delicate indeed. Women in love are apt to confuse the two things, forgetting that to be happy and make another happy one must be a complete and self-contained human entity. Whatever the romantics may say, marriage is a union of two completely separate individuals, not the absorption of one by the other.

Women are good at unselfishness and enjoy being good at it. But we have our limitations. In imagination we are apt to clothe ourselves in saintly vestments. Living up to the self-appointed rôle is quite another matter. An ordinary nice flesh-and-blood woman struggling gamely to be a selfless wife and mother invariably achieves only one thing—a full-scale martyr complex. This is very uncomfortable for everybody, including herself. Her husband, struggling to keep up the exalted standard (or not struggling, as the case may be), and, being masculine, wondering what the whole thing is in aid of, bears with it in baffled silence or takes himself off into company in which he can relax a little. Guilty wives are apt to dislike this situation and, still unaware of their guilt, freeze on to this new and tangible excuse for resentment.

Where does it all begin? Perhaps in the early days of marriage, when it is so easy for a wife in love and eager to make a success of marriage to subject herself to home, husband and family. She gives up her job to be a full-time housewife and full-time she makes it. (*Continued on page 78*)

meet MESDAMES

P. M. Dixon introduces eight women of made their own restaurants famous in a world almost exclusively a man's preserve

Mme. Gorisse

MEN have always delighted to taunt women with the fact that in the kitchen, which should be an unconquerable feminine stronghold, the male runs away with the honours. Even in Paris, whose telephone directory lists no fewer than 2,779 restaurants (exclusive of cafés and brasseries), comparatively few are run by women. Of those, with women in control, that have acquired a reputation for good food, all are small—accommodation for fewer than forty lunchers or diners—and none in the very expensive category, although in Paris eating out is never cheap.

The simplest—and here simplicity becomes an art—is the one run by sixty-one-year old *Mère Michel, at 5 rue Rennequin* —an inconspicuous little street off the Avenue Wagram, beyond the Place des Ternes. Mère Michel, a good-natured, homely soul who looks rather like a retired children's nanny, is in all Paris the acknowledged queen of white butter sauce. This Breton delicacy is a sauce for fish—best with perch or pike, says Mother Michel, but excellent with turbot or other white sea-fish. It is regarded as one of the hardest sauces of all to make, for it has the consistency of cream and yet is made only of butter, shallots and vinegar—*no* flour and *no* eggs.

Although her fame rests partly on a Breton recipe, Mother Michel is, in fact, a Norman and, unlike a majority of restaurateurs, was not born into the business. She originally owned a small poultry shop. Then, twenty-three years ago, she took the tiny premises she now occupies. It was an ordinary *bistro*—a coffee and wine bar. Her itch for cooking led her to begin to provide a *plat du jour*, in addition to the liquid refreshment available, and so a restaurant was born.

It is about the size of a modest living-room, seats eighteen at capacity, and provides a limited but delicious menu at low prices. Mother Michel prides herself especially on her *terrines* of chickens' liver.

THE first time I ever went to *Ugène et Coralie, at 44 rue Sainte-Anne*, not far off the Avenue de l'Opera, it was with the broadcaster, Wilfrid Thomas, and we were very late for lunch. The restaurant was almost empty by the time we got there, and cool and dark after the hot and sunny street. We were met by a fluttery lady in mauve tulle who reminded me of nothing so much as Vivien Leigh's Blanche Dubois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and she looked exactly as if she was off to the vicar's garden fête.

Despite the fact that she had plainly planned an afternoon's outing, however, Mme. Coralie welcomed us warmly, and having taken our order, shimmered into the kitchen in her tulle to prepare us a delicious brandade mistral and other things. How she cooked a dish rich in oil and garlic clad in tulle and emerged as fresh as she went in is something I shall never understand. As we were the last customers, she had time to chat with us at some length and we learned some interesting things. This rather frail-looking woman had been an active member of the Resistance during the German occupation and a vital chain in an escape route for shot-down British and American airmen, whom she fed in full sight of the German police and the French *Milice*. They were forbidden to speak while lunching or dining for fear their accents would betray them.

Coralie is a wine expert. No other restaurant in Paris specialises in the genuine Clairette of Languedoc, a deceptively strong dry white wine that is drunk as an aperitif. Coralie was good enough to say that she would be delighted to supply a free clairette aperitif to any reader of this article who happened into her restaurant and asked for it.

One of the best-known of the Paris restaurants run by women is the smart little *Au Bossu, on the Ile St. Louis*. Here, Mme. Blanc presides, and will sweep forward to greet you clad, like as not, in a black suit of impeccable cut and a white blouse. Mme. Blanc is a striking blonde whom a journalist once described as a " grenadier," for she has indeed the height and carriage of a Guardsman.

The history of Au Bossu is rather unusual. Before the First World War it was a horse cabby's pub noted for its very thick steaks—and a very thick steak in French slang is called a *bossu*—a hunchback. Then two wealthy French politicians bought it to use as a sort of private club in which to entertain and dine their friends, and they installed a chef—not a chef of the restaurant business, but one formerly employed by a nobleman in his Paris house.

As both men were gastronomes of some distinction, it became a much sought-after privilege to get an invitation to one of their dinners. But even for rich men, operating a free restaurant for friends can be an expensive business, and when one died the survivor felt the time had come to call a halt. So the private meeting-place of friends became a restaurant, and Mme. Blanc was brought in to take charge. And she has been in charge for fifteen years.

To her, food is an all-absorbing subject. Her eyes glisten as she describes sauces, and she claps her hands together in ecstasy as she recalls particularly successful dishes. Sauces are a religion with her.

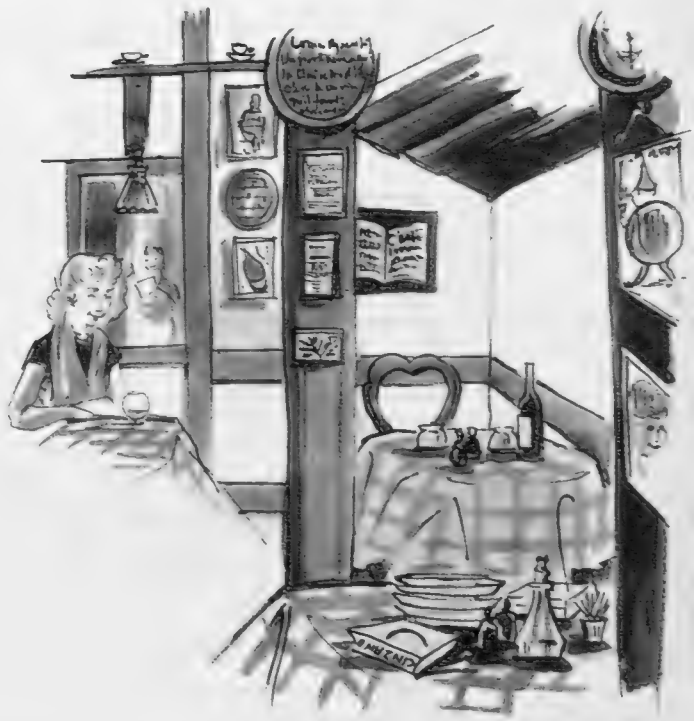
If you go to the Bossu, you will find the *poulet à l'estragon* a delight, and other dishes of the house (*Continued on page* 68)

Paris who have

Above : Mme. Salvi will take your order at the *Taverne Nicolas Flamel*, the oldest inn in Paris, and, incidentally, hard to find

At *Ugène et Coralie* **(below)** frail-looking Mme. Coralie was once an active Resistance member and her restaurant a vital chain in an escape plan for airmen

Mme. Yvonne's *Aux Petits Peres*, more often known as *Chez Yvonne*, is a favoured haunt of stockbrokers. The Chief of the Paris gastronomes, " Prince Curnonsky," has a permanently reserved table—marked by a brass plate



They want to be

YOUNG SPARTANS

—but can they stand the pace?

By Dr. BADEN BEATTY

"MY boy is very keen to take up boxing next term, Doctor. Do you think it's safe to let him go in for it?"

The family doctor is frequently asked this sort of question, usually by Rodney's mother. Or perhaps the question concerns a small daughter: "Anne will have to play hockey at her new school; my husband and I do so dread her growing into a games-mistress type. Do you think there's any danger of that?"

While every case must be decided on its merits, if necessary with the advice of the doctor who has had the medical care of the child, an outline of the main health problems concerning games and athletics may be useful for parents anxious for their children's physical well-being.

Sport has its place in the school curriculum because educationists from time immemorial have recognised the universal tendency which the child shares with all young creatures to use up surplus energy in play. This tendency persists in all animals throughout life; even placid, matronly cows have outbursts of high spirits in which they kick up their heels and race around the meadow just for the sheer joy of letting off steam. But young animals, and small children, spend most of their waking hours, apart from eating, in some form of play. Even before he gets to the stage of crawling, a child's elementary forms of play merit that term, because they are all forms of enjoyable physical activity—enabling him to get acquainted with the strange world in which he finds himself and to develop useful methods for mastering it.

This adaptive function of play is now recognised to be of the greatest importance for the future development of all young creatures, a truth expressed in the dictum "Play is to the child what work is to the adult." The growing child is all the time developing new skills through play.

Play teaches him early in life what loving parents are rather apt to forget when the question of organised sport arises. In this world we cannot be 100 per cent safe. Only constant care and supervision can make it safe even for the babe in arms, and once a child gets beyond the protective shelter of his mother's arms he is bound to run the risks of hurts and tumbles. Yet if he does not face these risks he will never grow up to be self-reliant. Surely it is better for a boy to run the risk of a few bloody noses at boxing rather than to feel out of it with his schoolfellows. He will learn nimbleness and self-discipline when he has to defend himself. The possibility of serious injury in school boxing is negligible; (*Continued on page 74*)

forbidden fruit

How could they understand it took a man of Mark's stature to face up to the hard, stark truth and have courage when things looked blackest?

By MARJORIE STACE

Illustrations by CRITCHLOW

THE moment I entered the flat I felt there was going to be trouble. There always was if I'd been out with Mark. I closed the door and stood in our little hall, wondering if I could get to my room without having to see my mother, without having to go through the usual, inevitable scene.

"Hallo. . . . Is that you, darling?"

It was too late. She had heard the door : or was it some extra sense that told her I was there, standing in the hall, holding my breath?

With sinking heart I went into the sitting-room. *Now for it,* I thought. But nothing she said would make any difference to me. I knew the truth : she didn't. I knew Mark : she didn't. She only knew the outer Mark, the gay, sociable, superficial Mark. And she judged him by that alone. She had never seen the other Mark, the real one, the man who had come into my life and changed its whole aspect.

Before his coming I had been only half awake. I hadn't realized the accuracy and portent of even those trivial heart-throb songs the crooners sang. Now even these possessed the dignity of truth because for the first time the words held a personal application.

I had known Mark for ten or eleven months, ever since the evening he had given his lecture upon Costume Plays to our Drama Society. He was playing in the local repertory company then, and specialized in young character parts. When I say "young" I don't mean juvenile. As he himself once said, "Can you see *me* mincing about the stage, wielding a tennis racquet and looking like the typical clean-limbed young English gent?" And I realized that I couldn't. He had too much personality for that, too much dash. He was always the charming adventurer, the handsome crook, the fascinating sophisticate. These parts he performed, week by week, to perfection.

But there was another side to Mark. A deeper

I didn't know where it was all leading. I only knew that above all I loved Mark. And he loved me . . .

side. He was ambitious. He wanted to get on, to leave repertory and go into something bigger and better.

"This wretched tin-pot town is no place for me, darling," he said. "I'm being suffocated here. It's a third-rate company and we've got a third-rate producer. Look at the plays we put on!"

I had enjoyed every play up till then, but suddenly I saw what he meant, saw that he was right.

". . . popular stuff!" he went on bitterly. "Box Office! Pandering to the Philistines!"

My heart twisted for him when he spoke like this. I longed to help him, but what could I do? I was nineteen and he was thirty-three. I lived with my mother (my father had died when I was so young I hardly even remembered him) and I worked for my living in our local Municipal Offices. How could any of that be of use to Mark?

THROUGH his worldly and experienced eyes, I began to see my home-town, this spacious cathedral town where I'd been born and had gone to school, as it really was: narrow, restricted, provincial, tin-pot.

I tried to make it up to Mark in my own limited way. I asked him home as often as possible, arranged the best meals for him that I could, mended his shirts, darned his socks (he was living in very bleak digs then), and lent him small sums of money when he'd run short or had lost on the races.

My mother disapproved of all this. She had never liked Mark, had never understood him, had never seen the real fineness of his character. "You're making a fool of yourself," she said more than once.

"I love him," I always said in return.

"Love! This isn't love, it's infatuation, and blind infatuation at that!"

"What have you got against Mark?" I demanded, trying to pin her down.

"He's . . . unsuitable."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough. He's not right for you. . . ."

And so on. It became a routine argument between us. How I had changed for the worse since knowing Mark, since coming under his influence, how I spent too much time in bars, how I was wasting my time when there were much "nicer" men about, men more my own age, more suitable, more reliable, more everything that Mark apparently wasn't.

It became so that I stopped asking him home. The strain was too severe. Mark sensed it too, as I was afraid he would. "Your mother doesn't approve of me," he said.

"Poor Mummy," I replied. "She doesn't understand, that's all. She's another generation, darling. She can't see things as we see them."

Then, being Mark and utterly fine, he said, "But she's so right, my dearest. I'm not good enough for you. After all, what do I amount to? A poorly paid actor in a tatty, tenth-rate rep company." His hopeless shrug tore at my heart. Then he added savagely, "But it won't always be like this. I'll make the grade somehow! Just give me the chance, that's all, and I'll show 'em!"

How different he was from those "nicer" young men of my mother's choosing. How many of *them* would have been so candid? So honest? Not one, I thought. It took a man of Mark's stature to face up to the hard, stark truth and to have courage when things looked blackest.

MY mother was sitting in a wing chair beside the fire. Behind her tortoiseshell glasses her big grey eyes were grave with concern. "You're very late," she said, as I knew she would.

"It's only one o'clock."

"Nearly two," she corrected.

"Go on," I sighed resignedly, "I know exactly what's coming next. I've got to be up early in the morning in order to get to my miserable, dull drab job. A growing girl needs eight hours sleep. I'm ruining my health and looks with late nights and drink. And you don't know where it's all going to end."

"Oh, but I'm afraid I do," put in my mother quietly. Then she took off her glasses and said, very gently, "Did you know that Mark is married?"

Poor Mummy. I couldn't even give her the satisfaction of that bombshell. For of course I knew that Mark was married. He had told me all about it.

"Yes," I said. "I know. But he doesn't get on with his wife. They're separated."

"Divorced?"

"No . . . just living apart." I had got over the shock by now, but I remembered that I must have looked the same way that my mother now looked when he'd first told me—appalled, distressed. But Mark had quickly reassured me.

"It was better to cut loose, my darling," he explained. "We weren't suited. Cathy is a sweet person, but she lives for chintz curtains and the hearth. If I spoke of Shakespeare, she spoke of saucepans. And, believe me, there is nothing so destroying, so deadening to an artist as saucepans." Then he had smiled that wonderful smile of his and added, "You find all this very terrible? Very Bohemian?"

The moment he'd asked that my doubts vanished. I saw that I had been guilty, just for a second, of a restricted, home-town outlook. "No, I think it's very sensible," I said firmly.

"These things," Mark went on, exhaling smoke from the super-Havana cigar I had been able to afford out of that week's wages, "these things are not important to an artist. They take second place. One's career comes first—always."

I was aware suddenly that my mother had risen and was walking restlessly about the small sitting-room.

"Where is it leading to?" she asked worriedly.

BUT I couldn't answer, for I didn't know myself. I only knew that through all the tangle and hopelessness I loved Mark. And he loved me. And that one day we would leave this tin-pot town for bigger cities and be together always.

"Must it lead anywhere?" I now countered, yawning. "Can't I just be happy as I am?"

"Are you happy?" said my mother swiftly. "Can you be happy with such an unsatisfactory state of affairs? A married man, much older than yourself, living from week to week in the most precarious of all professions? What future is there for you in that?"

"I'm not thinking of the (*Continued on page 70*)

I knew I was wrong. It wasn't a joke. "Have a drink," urged Terry

Your Dressing Table

By AGNES MIALL

Triangular Victorian washstand as a kneehole dressing table. Coloured oil baize disguises the top and drawer front

A whitewood box stool is fitted with an easily removed cover to match the draperies above

WE show you four different skirted dressing-tables. They vary in detail but all their draperies are fundamentally made in the same way. To copy any of them, read first the basic directions below, then the variations concerning the particular design you have chosen.

Basic Directions for Skirts. These are merely a straightforward pair of curtains, usually two or even more widths wide, hung just under the rim of the table. Skimped draperies never look well; allow about one and two thirds the width to be covered.

If the table stands against a wall or window it is not necessary to carry the skirt all round the back, though it is advisable to do so in case the table should ever occupy another position in the room. If you are not draping the back add four inches to the total measurement along both sides and the front to allow for turning the skirt out of sight on the wall side.

Thus, for a table 28 in. long by 18 in. wide (a good size for draping) a total of 68 ins. is required. With fullness allowed this becomes 114 ins. In 48 in. material, two and a half widths will be necessary. That is, 1¼ widths per curtain. If the material is only 36 in., three full widths (one and a half in each curtain) will give 108 in., which is slightly short of the minimum, but will suffice.

Join the widths by the selvedges if these are good. Otherwise French-seam them. French-seam also when joining half-widths. Along the top edge, stitch a casing (hem) 1 in. deep.

Provide a wire spring rod which will extend tautly to the measurement round the table edge. In the case of a front drape, screw two small cuphooks under the table rim two inches in from each corner on the long undraped side.

Thread the wire rod through the casing of the two curtains and stretch it tautly round the table from cuphook to cuphook.

While hung, pin up the bottom hems so that the skirts just—but only just—clear the floor. Remove from the rod and stitch.

Now for the four individual variations shown in the illustrations.

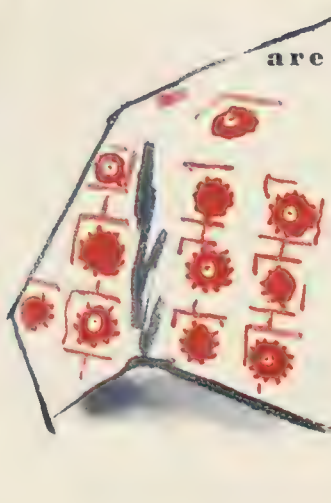
Kneehole table with matching stool. This is pictured on a triangular Victorian washstand, which can sometimes be picked up cheaply and is very space-saving in the corner of a small room. But use it on any table when there is a front drawer which you want to get at easily. It is charming in everglaze or a shiny (*Continued on page 76*)

Colour gleams through an overdrape of white frilled ninon. The coloured lining of oil baize needs no turnings

This year's full skirts billowing over starched slips have an affinity with dressing tables in frilly petticoats.

Soft white seersucker, prodigious in fullness, flounced with check gingham and topped with a straight pelmet

Whitewood kidney tables, ready for draping, are in the shops, or a sound but shabby table can be clothed in elegance. Here are four ways of doing it



A shelf fitted to a deep window recess gets a crisp skirt of Everglaze matching the bed-cover

Illustrations by SHEILA TIZZARD

Little Women . . .

Clothes-shopping can be a tantalizing business for the under 5 ft. 3. Here is a find to cheer: a fine wool princess dress in black, mink, bottle, red lacquer, lichen green, blue mist or turquoise, with white collar and cuffs. Phyllis Taylor, 13½ gns., at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

The illusion of height depends upon the long, unbroken line from chin to hem. This suit fastens high, is made of camel-coloured wool (less usual in suits than in coats), and is given an extra touch of richness by the brown fur collar—rounded to echo the yoke. By Rensor, 15 gns., at Gorringes; Dingles, Plymouth

On right: Small woman's town dress charcoal or anthracite Terylene with black velvet detail, tailored top and permanently pleated skirt. A boon for packing and air travel: would look chic in any capital of the world. Also available in donkey brown, trimmed nicotine velvet. By Rembrandt, in Miniature and normal sizes, 10½ gns., at Harrods from the end of September

Above: For Autumn afternoons, a rich brocade dress with the "feel" of heavy embroidery: all-over design in two shades of beaver or pewter—perfect foil for bright accessories. Figure-fitting princess line, with long sleeves, so may go coatless even when the air is chilly. By Phyllis Taylor, 14½ gns., at Mikla, Wigmore Street; Bright Ltd., Bristol

Design for Slimming

Trompe d'œuil . . .

One in twenty women, perhaps, is exactly stock size; one in fifty has model proportions: yet these were the norms on which the dress trade formerly based its sizing. At last, however, a chink of daylight is breaking in and there is deliverance from the never-satisfactory recourse to alterations. Here are four styles which achieve the illusion of slenderness.
Above, left: Because of its vertical lines in shoulders, fastening, and stitched pleating, this Autumn dress of Donegal tweed in pink, grey, blue, or charcoal is a good choice. By Norman Linton, £7 17s. 6d. at Peter Robinson; Lewis, Liverpool. *Above, right:* Chosen for its sweeping, slanting drapery, an afternoon dress of pastel-shaded Revella Crepe. By Philip Kunick, £7 19s. 3d., at D. H. Evans; Schofields, Leeds

. . . four versions

Above: Suit of French Givrine with a fascinating new finish: light and brittle to the touch like a fine-ribbed feather quill; in reality strong and virtually crease-proof. It comes in all the jewel colours, is sketched here in a deep sapphire. The clean, unfussy lines charm bulges away, reveal new rhythmic proportions. By Philip Kunick, about 7 gns., at D. H. Evans; Schofields, Leeds. *Right:* Downward lines again in this specially-designed full-figure dress of heavy rayon, the material without a rival for graceful draping. Softly folded neckline—ending in a pert bow, cuffed sleeves, becoming pleated skirt. Pastel colours in a marbled pattern: 42—52-inch hip. By Norman Linton, 5 gns., at Andre Debrett, 5, Maddox Street; Lewis, Liverpool

Consider The Children . . .

Left: Skater's outfit in cherry velvet, embroidered, the circular skirt reversible to peacock taffeta. By Minimode, £6 at Selfridges; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Her red party sandals are by Kiltie, £1 12s. 6d.

fashion—even to-day—has scarcely penetrated to children's wear: styles change little from year to year. Here are some exceptions.

Above: Frock for the 8—10-year-old in stiff, strong cotton embossed with a ladybird design in red or blue. Made in this and many other styles by Debut, £2 15s. at D. H. Evans; Hendersons, Liverpool

easy to look at clothes for little tots, tweenies

and the clothes-conscious

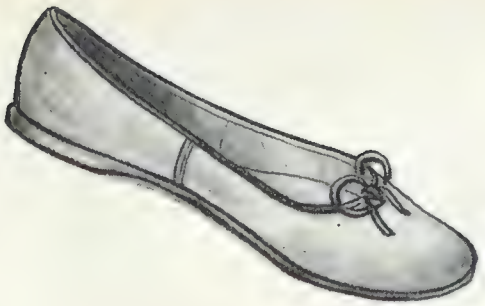
bigger girl.....

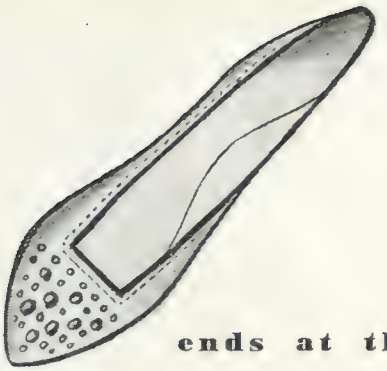
Above: For the young mother, aunt or older sister, an exquisite three-piece—jacket, skirt and waistcoat—in jersey tweed, checked and plain, specially woven to blend. By Lombardi, 39 gns., at Selfridges; Dickins & Jones; William & Hopkins, Bournemouth. With it, Kangol's latest beret "Capette," 12s. 6d.

Pint-sized coats for the very young: the boy's in mannish tweed, blue or green. By Bickler, 2½ gns., at Sopers, Harrow; Hammonds, Hull. On his right, a duffel for girl or boy: camel with tartan lining, or royal blue corduroy lined with red flannel. By Minimode, in camel, £4 5s.; in corduroy, £3 17s. 6d., at Selfridges; Shiel, Edinburgh. Both are wearing Kiltie "Romper" shoes, £1 6s. 6d.

On right: Very attractive style for the rising 12-year-old: waistcoat and circular skirt in iridescent felt—lustrous gold, silver, ruby, jade or sapphire. By Debut, £4 complete at Harrods; Schofields, Leeds

The shoes in question: under the table, left to right:
Town walking shoe in aniline calf, with little
Louis heel, £3 19s. 9d. Outdoor ballerina in black suede, £1 17s. 6d.,
both by Clarks. Television slipper in black suede, gold-spotted.
By Joyce, £2 19s. 9d. from all Saxone shops. Elegant formal Court, with Spanish toe and Paris heel,
£3 9s. 6d., Clarks. A second view of the heeled shoes is outlined at the top of the page; the flats, top opposite





Elegance starts at the head and ends at the toes, but the question is what shoes to wear with what? Here are the answers

All About Shoes

Below left: Closed toe, halter back, in charcoal grey suède with triangle of gunmetal studs. Bally, 6½ gns., London Shoe Company. *Below right:* Wide-open slant toe, closed back. "Surrealist" by Dolcis, £4 9s. 9d., Bond Street branch

SHOES are more international now than clothes: no country dictates, but each contributes—one, a heel; another, a toe; a new leather, fabric or dye.

The shoe outlook has seldom been more exciting, but lavishness breeds bewilderment, and amid the welter of new shapes and colours, the answer to the question "what to wear with what?"—becomes difficult, is shelved—and we find ourselves buying shoes for the sake of themselves, later to discover that they will go with nothing.

The shoe manufacturers have introduced some attractive innovations of late. These are: the little Louis heel, the ballerina flat, aniline dyes, assymetrically cut-out toes, the Spanish toe and the Paris heel.

The little Louis heel, which gives the illusion of being higher than its two-inches, has made a great comeback after its eclipse in the 1930s. The day before yesterday, rightly adapted, seems to be the happiest hunting-ground in the search for "new" fashion trends. A boon to town walkers, the little Louis may be worn with suits, street dresses, topcoats—its elegant, fragile line goes best with narrow skirts, and does *not* agree with bulky clothes.

The flat ballerina is the shoe to wear with tapered slacks, calf-length jeans, and with casual clothes like felt skirts. It is a young person's shoe, and even by her should not be worn (despite its name) with formal ballerina-length dresses, nor with outdoor town clothes, especially when narrow-skirted, as then it tends to make the foot look enormous.

Aniline dyes treat leather in the same way that stain treats wood—giving a depth of colour without obscuring the natural grain of the material. This transparent dye sinks right into the calf without leaving any coating of colour on the surface, which is then waxed and polished to a high lustre. The colours may be any shade of golden tan, mint green or sable, which team up perfectly with black, navy, brown or grey.

The boring peep-toe has at last given place to a dashing slant-cut, revealing more of the toes, which makes the vamp appear short and the foot small. Sandals for evening and high-heeled day shoes look smart with this line, particularly if they have a closed back.

The pointed Spanish toe is slowly gaining ground. There is no better complement to the universal ballerina evening frock, and it also looks good with formal "Fath" line suits and most cocktail clothes. Properly fitted, it does not restrict the toes, and is as comfortable as a rounded one.

The slender, "waisted" Paris heel is, to my mind, the prettiest of the high heels. To take the strain, it has to be made from very hard, laminated wood, and will thus always be fairly expensive. But this should not be grudged for one's pair of special shoes, which will "make" any after-six dress, particularly if it has a full, swirling skirt.

Your shoe wardrobe should contain a delicate sandal to wear with your one full-length evening gown; it can be of nylon lace, or suède glittered with gold or silver, or satin studded with pearls, jet or rhinestones; but it *must* have either a closed toe and sling back, or—best of all—a wide-open slant toe with closed back and a Paris heel.

"Anything in it?" Janet's slim fingers explored the narrow cavity. "A long envelope," she said

They all had very little in common, but when they met together their ideas seemed suddenly of a kind

Secret Drawer

By NANSI PUGH

Illustration by NICOLAS

MISS EFFIE CLAREMOUNT rather disliked her nieces but it was usual for them to come to stay with her in the autumn and she could think of no plausible reason why the habit of years should be broken. "On Thursday," she told Maria, who had come to remove her breakfast tray. "They had better share the blue bedroom. The Colonel in the East Room and Mr. Tom in the other."

"Hm," said Maria. She understood her mistress's feelings about the Conway girls. "Did they both write?"

"No. Just a note from Barbara. She is driving down and Janet will get here by a late train."

"Why don't they come down together?"

"They never do."

"They won't like sharing," said Maria, preparing to depart.

"It can't be helped. I can't put either of the men off. What time is it?"

"You've got half an hour before the bell starts."

Maria left the room and Miss Claremount got dressed for church. She went slowly through the garden in the bright autumn sunshine. Next Sunday her house would be full. Her brother-in-law would be talking about his health, her nephew about golf, her nieces about themselves. She would enjoy most talking about her garden but they would not be interested. Miss Claremount bent to pick a late rose and fastened it on to her jacket. The scent of it came up to her all through the service. (*Continued on page* 62)

Plant winter Flowers to cheer your home

One flower in winter is more precious than a whole host in summer. An article on plants for winter flowering

By ROY GENDERS

Illustration by K. Fletcher

OF course, you will be planting bowls of fragrant hyacinths, tulips and giant trumpeted daffodils, ready for flowering with the first thin rays of spring sunshine. But do you know of some of the other less well-known plants and bulbs which will bloom throughout January and February and lighten the bleakest months of winter with the promise of spring to come?

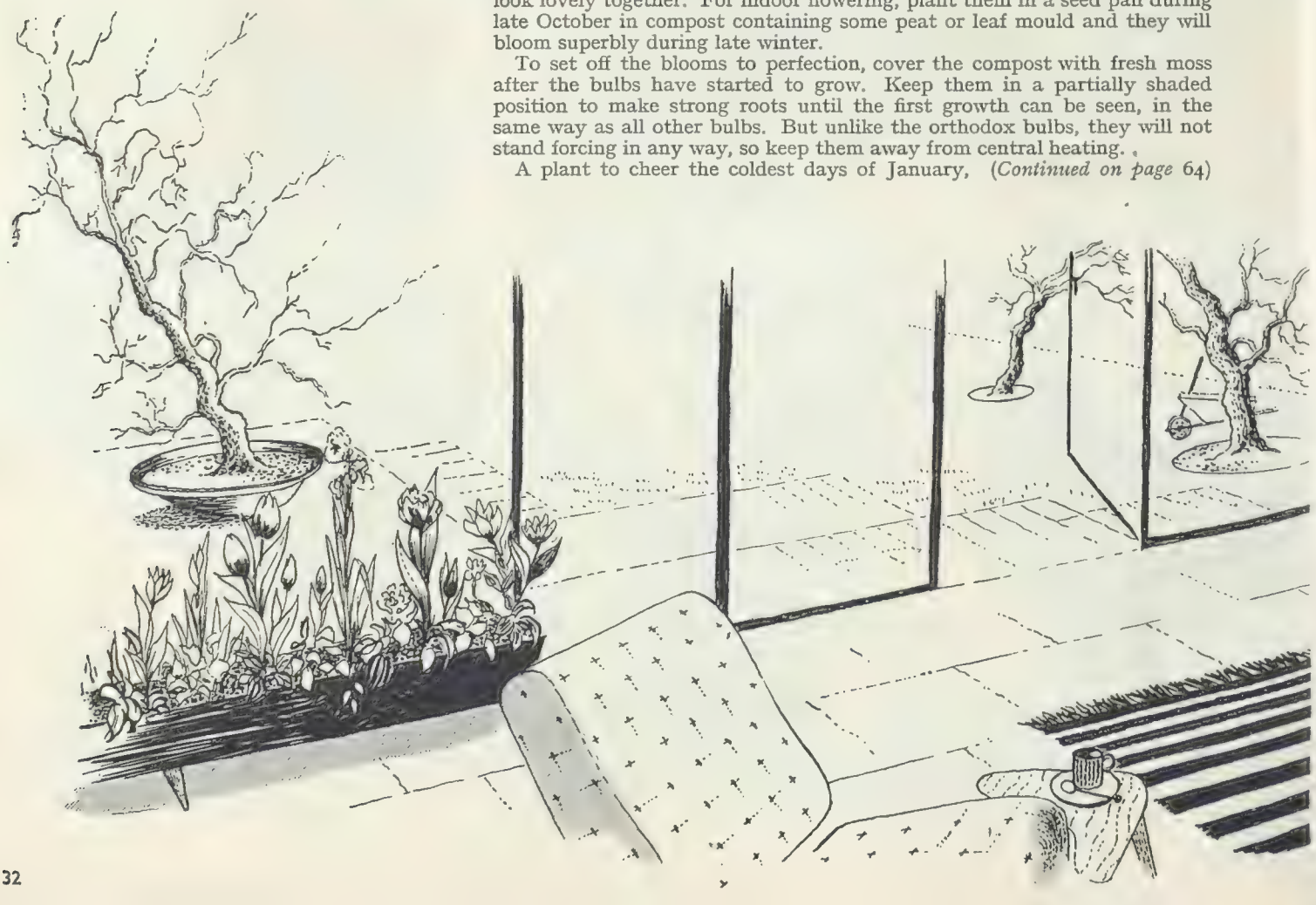
There are the miniature irises. *Iris Danfordiae* is a dainty little plant, yet so tough that it will push its yellow and brown flowers incredibly through frozen soil to bloom outdoors in February, however cold. Two or three of the tiny bulbs planted in a bowl indoors will flower in January. The *Iris histrioides major* blooms just as early, a brilliant sky-blue colour spotted with black. Or there is the J. S. Dijt, with its warm crimson-purple flowers and the bright blue Cantab.

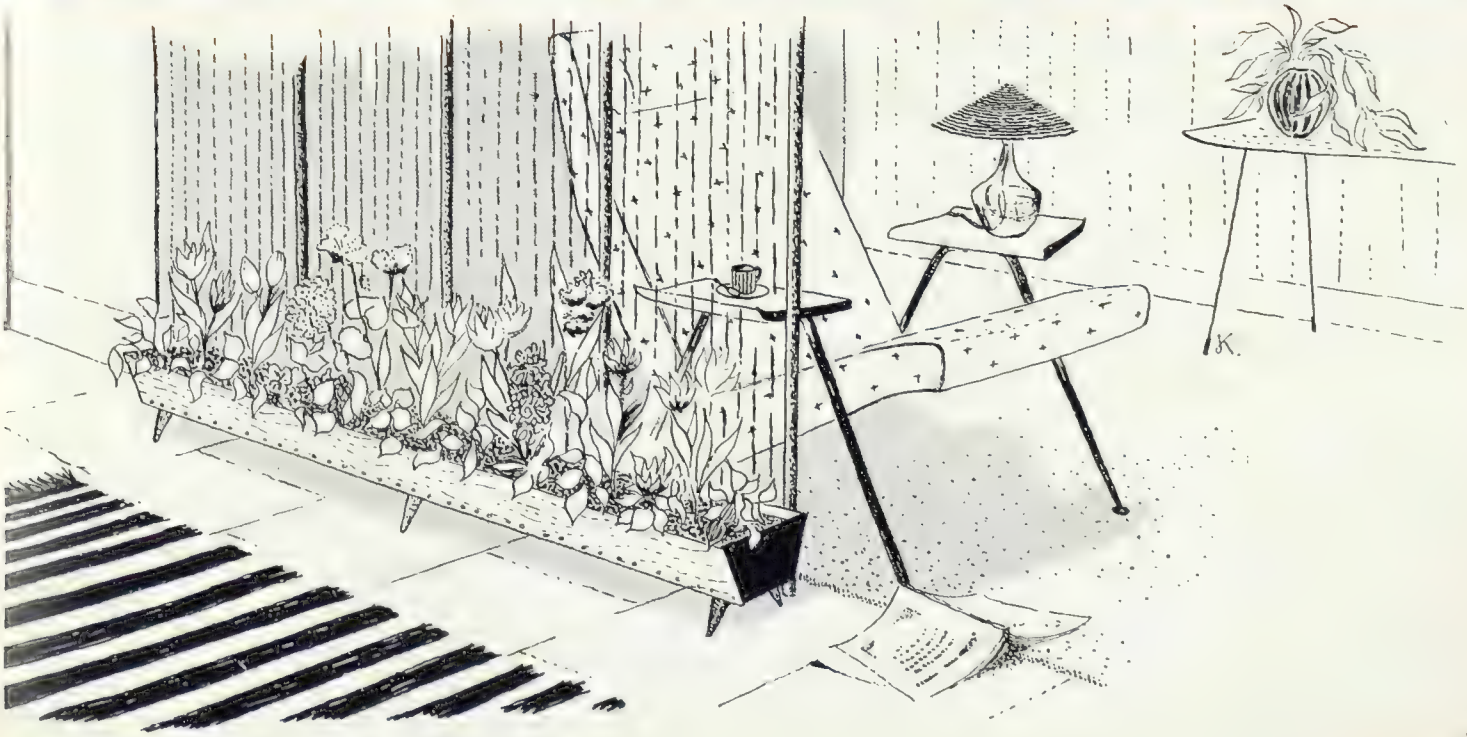
Irises are not difficult to grow. For indoor flowering, plant them early in October in a compost containing some leaf mould, coarse sand and lime rubble, and place in a darkened frame or cupboard until the end of November, exactly like other bulbs, for they will not bloom to perfection if their roots are not well formed. Don't give them too much water at any time, and after flowering, dry off the bulbs by not watering at all. Simply cut off the faded flower and allow the rest of the plant to die away naturally. Store the bulbs on a shelf and replant again next October.

Then there is the dog's tooth violet (*erythronium*), a delightful plant entirely suitable for flowering both indoors and out. The trio Snowflake, a pure white, the reddish-violet Franz Hals and the bright Pink Perfection look lovely together. For indoor flowering, plant them in a seed pan during late October in compost containing some peat or leaf mould and they will bloom superbly during late winter.

To set off the blooms to perfection, cover the compost with fresh moss after the bulbs have started to grow. Keep them in a partially shaded position to make strong roots until the first growth can be seen, in the same way as all other bulbs. But unlike the orthodox bulbs, they will not stand forcing in any way, so keep them away from central heating.

A plant to cheer the coldest days of January, (*Continued on page* 64)





Escape from Fashion

For Paris's Jacques Fath a country retreat— where the "mad Englishman" once bred trout

Frilled white percale curtains drape the windows of Mme Fath's bedroom. A Louis XVI bed has canopy in bright yellow Aleutian gauze. Directly below in the living-room tiled powdered marble floor, white walls and marble-topped dining table transform the room where olive pressing was once done

An imposing flight of brick steps with pink, red and violet petunias growing on them, leads down to the french windows and wrought-iron gates of the living-room

FOR a short time, occasionally, a star rises in the French world of *haute couture* and twinkles a little more brightly than the rest. In the fashion twilight of early postwar days a new star glittered and glittered and, as comparatively few do, continued to out-glitter most others in the shiny firmament. It was Jacques Fath.

Rival to Christian Dior on the tightrope of competition for world status, the lanky Frenchman throws the weight of an electric temperament into the scales against the more sober register of Monsieur Dior's famous diffidence. His fashions, his personality, his background gather the aura of the unpredictable. The parties he gives to launch his collections impress the international café society which flocks to them. Wherever the laurels for the greatest dress designer of this era may ultimately rest, Fath is away to a good start in the Publicity Stakes,

Yet even a bright star of the *haute couture* must pause for breath in the race. Fath does it in the eighteenth-century mill, two miles from Cannes, where the glare of fame is reduced to a humble measurement of mere candlepower.

Once it was owned by a "mad" Englishman who left the mill itself untouched, but had the water-pools drained, cleaned and re-filled. For his ruling passion was fish, and he not only filled the pools with them, but also installed tanks in the kitchen and sitting-room! Then he had a large notice nailed up on the door announcing that he bred fish. A few years later, he went bankrupt. His fish died, and soon he himself died. The mill passed into other hands. . . .

Some time later, the old mill caught the eye of Jacques Fath as he motored along the road. It was a case of love at first sight. Fath bought the property with the firm intention of making it his home: its name is the "Moulin de Joko."

In the old days, the ground floor of the mill consisted of one vast room where the actual olive pressing was done, with a small staircase down to the mill-wheel. Today, there is a wall at staircase level, marking the limits of the living-room, walls are white, the floor of tiled powdered marble, the furniture mahogany. On the first floor, reached by the old original mill staircase, is Mme Fath's bedroom, in eighteenth-century style.

Fath spends much of his time in the kitchen. Favourite dish of his own recipe is "Tarte de Joko." Here is the recipe: line a dish with pastry. Fill with six eggs, half-pint of cream, salt, pepper, two ounces of butter. Add peeled and quartered tomatoes and grated Gruyère cheese. Bake for thirty-five minutes.

White carnations and red roses grace a mahogany table in front of the french windows. Fath's colour sense is evident in his flair for flower arrangements

The kitchen calls: Fath does some of his own cooking. Here he makes one of his own dishes, "Tarte de Joko." Recipe in the article

Richard was waiting outside the front door when I got there. He had a nice little monkey skin with him

Brownie

By NAOMI CELIA STONE

Illustrations by PAT KENDRICK

DEAR BILL:

It was nice of you to agree that I could write to you about all this and not try to tell it over the telephone, or a drink. I know you have been as patient with me as anyone could be. I am sure I should have found it difficult to understand if the positions had been reversed. It is nearly two weeks since I have seen you. I have been home, as you know, every evening and it looks, you say, as though either I had a fugitive from justice hiding in my apartment or I did not want to see you. And yet I have only been able to say "Please trust me." I have wanted many times, almost as many times as there have been telephone calls, to explain, but I couldn't.

Maybe I have been unfair, but I couldn't picture getting further than the first sentence of that explanation. I can understand that, because a short while ago I would not have believed it could happen, either. Now I do, and I simply could not risk telling you and perhaps harming someone for whom I have become responsible.

And now, because if you still want to see me, I would like to see you, I am going to put it all down and you can read it over and think I am insane or you can ponder over it and ask yourself whether I have ever been hysterical or given to hallucinations. I am afraid that if you don't believe me, if you don't understand, it is going to be difficult for us to be the same to each other as we used to be. Because, you see, it *did* happen, and I even have a witness.

I FORGET the exact date when all this started—it was just one of those days when I never seemed to get more than a sentence of any letter typed without the telephone ringing. Although my dear boss had been out all day on doubtless urgent and important business, it did not seem to occur to him that a neat pile of detailed telephone messages might have interfered with the typing of his precious letters.

The scene he put on when he returned was both spectacular and theatrical. He suggested coldly that it would be oh-so-nice if I had the rest of the mail on his desk the first thing in the morning. So it meant staying late to finish or getting in at dawn, and you know how I feel about dawn. I would infinitely prefer to be shot at it than get up at it.

Many is the day that staying late would not have mattered, but this particular evening was bad. Your sister was in town and in a fit of idle conceit I had told you to bring her to dinner. I just had to have time to get home, whip up something impressive and inexpensive, and still open the door, a soignée hostess. Even with things worked out with a slide-rule, I needed time.

Well, the boss left and as soon as he had had time to get to the lift, everyone else left too. I sat at my desk and started to curse instead of getting on with the work. I don't know what made me think of what I thought of then—where do inspirations come from, anyway? All I know is that I suddenly found myself wondering whether maybe even in 1952, even in London, even on the fifth floor of an office building, there might not still be a Brownie left.

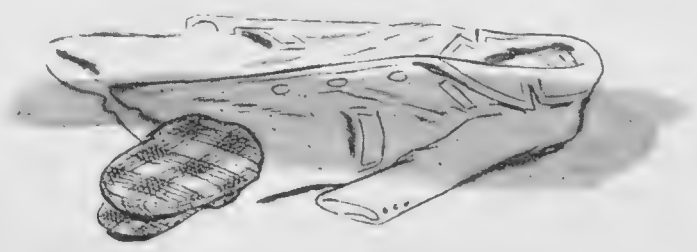
GOSH, I thought, am I going mad? But why shouldn't there be, actually? If there ever were Brownies, and I was sure there was a great deal of evidence to prove it, why shouldn't there still be? Look, I said to myself, "Nothing venture, nothing have"; a little more faith is what is needed in this world. What have you to lose? Your job? Well, in these times I doubted if even old pickle-puss would throw me out if the letters were not finished and if I sat there much longer wasting time I would never get them done, anyway.

I looked at my watch. The sandwich shop downstairs would still be open. I rushed out and just got to the shop before it closed.

"Can you let me have some cream?" I asked, out of breath, more from the question than from hurrying.

Back in my office, I sat down at the typewriter and slipped a plain white sheet in the machine. I must admit I nearly stopped there. It was hard to take that last step of belief when it came to writing words down. Obviously I had to leave a note but if I were wrong and someone found it before I arrived in the morning, would they think it a joke or what? I would have to chance that.

The letters I had not typed were a whole batch of long exhortations, each to be done separately to give the personal touch, and sent to all our customers who were coming into town for the annual conference. I put some headed notepaper on one side of the desk and on the other the last letter I had done, with the list of other addresses and the pet names the boss called them. Then I



typed this note and left it in the machine.

Brownie: I hate to bother you but will you please type exact copies of the letter on right of typewriter to all the people not already ticked off on the list, on right of typewriter also. The notepaper is on the left and no carbons are necessary.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) Susan Kennedy.

P.S. I have put some cream in a saucer on the little table by the door. Thanks again.

DO you remember that you and Janie and I went to a movie and you kidded me because I said I wanted to show Janie where my office was? Do you remember that I pointed out the window, way up, and you said, "My God, Sue, were you the last one there? The light's still on. You certainly *are* careless. Glad I don't have to pay the electricity bill. I bet this isn't the first time, either." I let this fine piece of nagging go for I was only half listening to what you said. You see, Bill, I remembered clearly taking one last look around the room before I switched out the light and left.

Well, I got up early (for me) the next morning because I wanted to get down to the office and see if I had been right about the light. Also, there was the little matter of the cream saucer to be dealt with before Mary, our bright inquisitive little office girl, came in with the morning mail. When I got there—well, the saucer was clean, and sure enough, there was a neat pile of letters by the side of my desk. In my typewriter was a slip of paper and on it :

Miss Kennedy : Thanks for the cream. I just managed to get the letters done on it, but it is pretty thin these days, isn't it?

(Signed) Brownie.

I sighed contentedly, took the letters into the boss's room and made up my mind that I would not fall into the temptation of using the Brownie too often. It might be habit-forming.

I thought often, Bill, of telling you about it, and the next time I sought the Brownie's help I nearly did, because it was really rather funny, though I didn't exactly think so at the time.

Your Cousin Marge was in town and I had lunch with her. She is awfully pleased with herself, you know, though I never could see why having a rich father was so much of an achievement. I never did like her patronizing ways and when she started saying "Too bad you have to run back to the office, little one," I got mad. I remembered the boss was out, and I decided I might as well take a little time off, too. I knew that my notebook was crammed with letters, but somehow neither my conscience nor my common sense seemed to be working.

"Why," I found myself saying in a bright, superior voice, "I don't have to be back at any special time."

Marge just said, "Oh," in a rather speculative voice. I believe she thought I was intimating not a grand executive job, which she is certain I could not hold, but a cosy relationship with the boss that gave me leeway on lunch hours, among other things.

WHEN I got back to the office, I was quite appalled by the amount to be done. I set to work with what is, I believe, known in the trade as a will, but that failed to improve my speed. Come five thirty there was still a dandy bunch of letters untyped. I forget the exact occasion but I think we were going to dinner and the theatre with business "friends" of yours.

This time there was no need to doubt the reality of the Brownie. I knew he'd be there if I came through with the cream. I had better get a double amount this time, I thought, as I went down to the sandwich place again.

The note I left said :

Brownie: Awfully sorry to bother you again but would you please transcribe the letters in the notebook on the right of the desk? Address book with pet names complete is on left of desk. Please make one copy of each letter on headed stationery with two carbons.

Gratefully,
(Signed) Susan Kennedy.

I left the note in the machine, and poured as much cream into the plant saucer as it would hold, leaving the rest on the table in the second coffee container.

I felt quite safe and confident this time, but when I strolled in a few (well, all right, fifteen) minutes late the next morning I got a horrible shock. The letters I had finished were at one side of my desk. The notebook was as I had left it and no other letters had been done. The cream was gone.

What is this? I thought. Surely no Brownie would cheat. . . . Then I looked at the note which had been in the typewriter. On the bottom of it was written :

Dear Miss Kennedy: I am very sorry but I don't do Pitman shorthand, only Gregg. I was ever so thirsty so I took the cream and tidied out your desk drawers. They really did need it. Hope this suits.

Faithfully,
(Signed) Brownie.

I pulled open the top desk drawer and it was a model of tidiness. I started to smile, a smile that froze into a nervous facial contraction when I found that the guy who admittedly does pay my salary was standing in the doorway looking for the letters, with his eyebrows almost touching his hairline.

The third time I used Brownie was on a cold, wet miserable day in the middle of January. I had a sore throat and I felt like hell. Did my gay, carefree, witty boss notice this? Oh, no—a cold had to get to the noisily infectious state before he would send you home. Anyone could sense that I was near death, but he just called me in and said, "Miss Kennedy, I have an idea and I would like to have your opinion on it."

My opinion was that if he were approaching anything in this way it was certain to be something entailing a lot of work for me. However, I tried to look bright and pleased. I was right, dead right. He had decided that it would be excellent to send out each month a lot of snappy new bulletins. He would write the stuff out and I would type it. You've guessed it. He had the first bulletin ready and since it was already the middle of the (*Continued on page 72*)

I remembered taking one last look round the room before I switched out the light and left

September Reading

By TREVOR ALLEN

Pictorial end-papers from . . .

. . . Monica Lang's **"Invitation To Tea"**

I ENVY Naomi Jacob. She has been able to transmute the Yorkshire-woman's flair for a nonstop natter into literature, and has written so many *Me-Me-Me-Me* books that they sound like a tenor practising. In her latest—**"Me—Likes And Dislikes"** (Hutchinson, 15s.)—she says: "I find it very difficult to stick to a subject, my mind leaps about, and I remember a hundred things I want to say!" What woman doesn't? People, food, furniture, music hall and theatre memories, travels about Italy, Pekes, cats and philosophy—out they all tumble with a cornucopian prodigality, and we would not have it otherwise, for she has a lively, wilful, evocative mind.

Increasingly, wives write books about their life overseas. Monica Lang, a London doctor's daughter, describes hers with a tea-planter husband in India in **"Invitation To Tea"** (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.). Dealing with Naga head-hunters and colleagues' homesick wives who wanted to quit were among her problems. When she brought her young daughter to school in England she had to choose between leaving her or abandoning husband. When war came the Jap menace to Assam drove her to America, where she heard of his death in a level-crossing smash. I found this an affectingly emotional story of a happy partnership, with vivid slants on plantation life.

Yorkshire flair for nonstop natter in Naomi Jacob's latest book **"Me—Likes And Dislikes"**

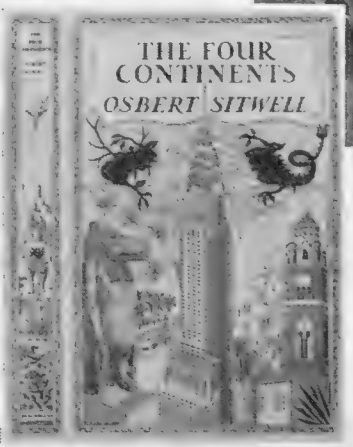
Another happy married partnership is implicit in Leo Walmsley's **"The Golden Waterwheel"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), an account of the home they made at Adder Howe, 500 ft. up on the moor edge, three miles off the N.E. Yorkshire coast, their blunt farmer neighbours, and the fight they had wresting a living from writing and farming. It proved a great adventure, like their Cornish experience in *Love In The Sun*, and has produced an enjoyable book.

The Hon. William Douglas Home seems to have been a foredoomed playwright. At Eton he wrote a one-act comedy in verse, at Oxford a "sad and gloomy" play in which an (*Continued on page 74*)

THE WORLD HIS OYSTER

NO one can give us the flavour of places better than Sir Osbert Sitwell—a rainy day at Pompeii, Amalfi revisited, old Tuscan towers, older Cathay, New York, Sarasota's Ringling Museum, tenting circus, and cobbler's shop displaying a pair of shoes about size 28 left by the circus's giant! He ranges "The Four Continents" (Macmillan, 25s.) in his discursions on travel, art, life—and more, since space travel and moon colonization is one of his passing ironies, together with Hitler's return from Tibet with Eva Braun when the Berlin bunker gives up its faked dead. Great news!—there is even more about his immortal father, Sir George, whom he finds sulking in bed under doctor's orders: "'How long does the doctor give me?' 'About twenty years,' I replied. At this, he suddenly jumped out of bed with an agility that would have done credit to a man half his age, and said: 'I must dress now.' That night he came down to dinner."

A style sensuous, ironic, nobly pompous, rich with history and apt allusion. In short, a feat for all connoisseurs of good English (though he coins one monstrous word, "mosaicked"), with exquisite gravure illustrations. A book to murder for, should anyone beg and bag it.



Leo Walmsley's **"The Golden Waterwheel"** tells of a home made on the moors. Osbert Sitwell ranges **"Four Continents"** (left) in discussions on art and life—and more

"I am ignorant to write, but my heart is thanking," wrote a Philippine mother to U.N.I.C.E.F. in thanks for the milk her child receives at the Welfare Centre where malnutrition is an outstanding problem

Lunch at the White Cross Nursery in Manila an institution for children whose parents are tubercular

At a Roman Catholic Mission in the Belgian Congo schoolgirls down the daily ration of milk sent by the United Nations Children's Fund, to relieve disease from protein deficiency

The Biggest Family in the World

. . . has been adopted by the United Nations Children's Fund, and out of superstition and despair comes hope

BEYOND the clamour which assails our ears from talk of destruction and rumours of war there is a more hopeful sound for those who wish to hear. It is the sound of humanity at work for reconstruction. Of people whose faith it is that the banishment of want and sickness and superstition from the corners of the earth is one with the foundations of peace.

Hope for the children of the world is the principle to which these people have dedicated themselves and out of their vision has grown the great international organization known as U.N.I.C.E.F.

The United Nations International Emergency Fund represents a group of countries bound under United Nations mandate by a common urge to improve the health and welfare of the world's children and of the mothers who bear them. Their colossal family is growing by twenty million every year. Its ramifications cover thirteen countries and eight British territories from Afghanistan and Pakistan in the West to Taiwan and the Philippines in the East. It spreads from Fiji to Japan and Korea, from Indonesia to Ceylon including every country except the China mainland in between.

In 1946 the U.N. General Assembly set up the Children's Emergency Fund to help war-devastated countries. Soon, powdered milk was reaching six European countries to build up young bodies weakened by starvation. By 1950 the emphasis was beginning to shift from the word "emergency" and under-developed countries everywhere were getting help in combating their long standing problems of child and mother welfare.

Mass health campaigns, long-range feeding, training of nurses, midwives and health visitors, the equipment of welfare centres and maternity wards form a part of the stupendous programme of aid designed solely to get the countries concerned started on their own. Expenditure on the great project by U.N.I.C.E.F. is matched and often exceeded by local governments. In no sense does U.N.I.C.E.F. take over from the established government. It co-operates.

In the East, local superstition guides millions through life, often to untimely death. The aim of U.N.I.C.E.F. workers is to replace superstition with truth.

An Asian peasant will assure you that when a child is born, mother and baby are menaced by jinns—malevolent spirits so small that they lurk between the fingers or behind the ears. There are churails, the ghosts of women who die in childbirth, fearsome creatures who walk with their feet turned backwards. The mother of an ailing child will tell you that its sickness derives from some offence to the churails living in a nearby lump of sugar cane.

Village mothers know why new babies cry. They come into the world with a letter from Allah containing twenty-one promises. At birth, Allah's messengers snatch the letter away before evil winds contaminate it and make the little one cry.

SO fear and superstition flourish, attended by disease and often dreadful death. Millions of mothers depend on time-honoured superstition to guard their children. Until now there has been no access to trained doctors or nurses; no daylight among the shadows of ignorance and despair.

Life is changing for these teeming millions. It must continue to change if the work of U.N.I.C.E.F. is allowed to go its quiet, determined way, laying the foundations of a world in which science and knowledge are utilized in the interests of humanity and not for its destruction, a world in which every child can be assured the basic necessities of life.

Through the autumn campaign which is being launched in Britain and Europe to collect funds for U.N.I.C.E.F. we have the means of supporting a movement the success of which must cast its reflection into the corners of a troubled world, even our own. Strife is one and indivisible with fear and want. Peace makes its home with contented people.

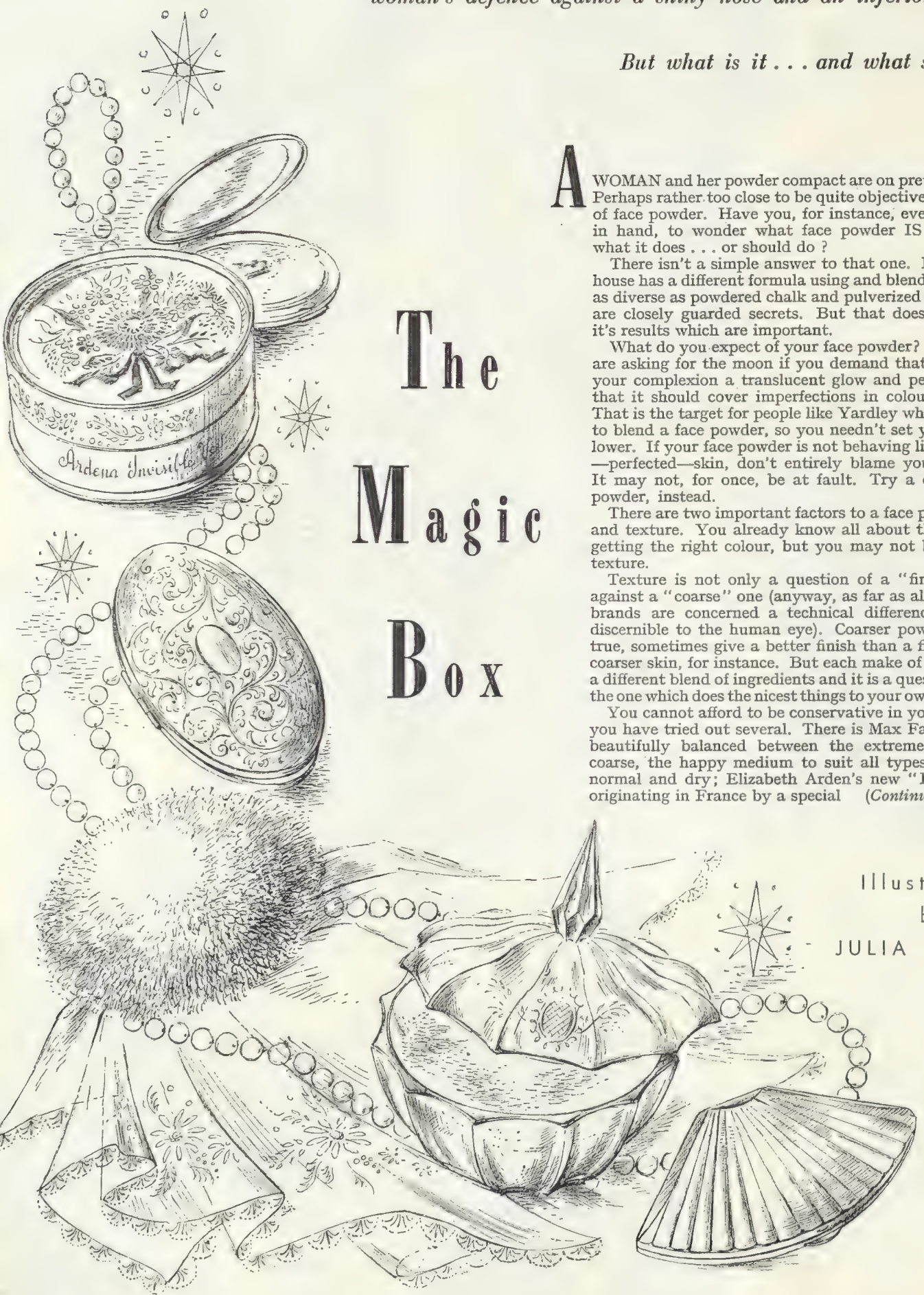
Weighing an Indonesian baby at a mother and child clinic

A beneficiary of the Children's fund in South America

(Top), Clinging to a bucket of powdered milk in Syria and (below) drinking it up in the Congo

Face powder is more than a beauty aid . . . it is a psychological necessity . . . a woman's defence against a shiny nose and an inferiority complex. But what is it . . . and what should it do?

The Magic Box



A WOMAN and her powder compact are on pretty close terms. Perhaps rather too close to be quite objective on the subject of face powder. Have you, for instance, ever stopped, puff in hand, to wonder what face powder IS . . . as against what it does . . . or should do ?

There isn't a simple answer to that one. Every cosmetic house has a different formula using and blending ingredients as diverse as powdered chalk and pulverized silk. Formulas are closely guarded secrets. But that doesn't matter . . . it's results which are important.

What do you expect of your face powder? Don't feel you are asking for the moon if you demand that it should give your complexion a translucent glow and peachlike bloom, that it should cover imperfections in colour and texture? That is the target for people like Yardley when they set out to blend a face powder, so you needn't set your sights any lower. If your face powder is not behaving like your second —perfected—skin, don't entirely blame your complexion. It may not, for once, be at fault. Try a change of face powder, instead.

There are two important factors to a face powder—colour and texture. You already know all about the difficulty of getting the right colour, but you may not be so aware of texture.

Texture is not only a question of a "fine" powder as against a "coarse" one (anyway, as far as all the reputable brands are concerned a technical difference and hardly discernible to the human eye). Coarser powders can, it is true, sometimes give a better finish than a finer one—on a coarser skin, for instance. But each make of face powder is a different blend of ingredients and it is a question of finding the one which does the nicest things to your own complexion.

You cannot afford to be conservative in your choice until you have tried out several. There is Max Factor's powder, beautifully balanced between the extremes of fine and coarse, the happy medium to suit all types of skin, oily, normal and dry; Elizabeth Arden's new "Invisible Veil" originating in France by a special (*Continued on page 74*)

Illustration by JULIA COMPER

Five different face powders in an identical shade will produce five different results and trial and error alone can single out the best for each individual

Photograph by A. F. KERSTING

Mompesson House, Salisbury, built in 1701 of brick, faced with grey stone. Inside, there is rich contemporary wood panelling and the lower rooms have finely moulded plaster ceilings

Eighteenth-century shop front in Bath

Barnfield Crescent, Exeter (1800)

Camden Crescent, Bath (1795)

Looking at Houses

By JOHN BETJEMAN

See the signs of loving craftsmanship, the instinctive rules of proportion that never seemed to go wrong

LOOKING at houses from the outside can be just as interesting as seeing them from the inside, and often less embarrassing. No English town or village is ever boring to one who can trace its history from its streets. I hope to be able to convey some of my enthusiasm to you by giving you a rough outline of what to look for in English houses built between 1700 and 1830, and I doubt if there is a town in England which does not have a few specimens, even such unlikely places as Swindon or Redditch.

Most English houses built between these dates were constructed to last and that is why they are here now. Everywhere in them are signs of loving craftsmanship by mason, joiner and bricklayer. Few of the smaller houses of our towns and villages were designed by professional architects. Local builders were, in those days, their own architects and they had pattern books and traditional rules of construction and proportion which never seemed to go wrong.

What makes England so beautiful and such fun to travel in, compared with anywhere else in Europe, is the infinite variety of local building materials which change every few miles. One thing was common to all Georgian houses. Window frames, doors and exterior woodwork and plumbing generally were painted white or pale grey, never were the reds, staring blues and chemical greens of modern paints allowed to deface Georgian exteriors. If you are lucky enough to have an old house, paint the outside woodwork white and you will see how beautifully it throws up the colour of the stone or brick or stucco of the walls.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century and until well into the next century, stucco was put on to the outsides of houses and if it is kept painted a light cream the effect is very beautiful and cheerful. You can see it in the crescents and squares of Brighton, Dover, Ramsgate and Scarborough. You can see it along Regent's Park and Carlton House Terrace in London. I think the best inland example of all is the town of Cheltenham, which is almost all late Georgian and where the cheerful stucco contrasts with delicate ironwork verandas and porches, which relieve what otherwise might be monotonous terraces.

But the most subtle things about Georgian houses are yet to be noticed. They are all to do with proportion. First, roofs. In Queen Anne's reign roofs were generally hidden behind a parapet and continued to be so hidden in terraces and crescents *(Continued on page 76)*

Discussion Points of the Month

September may herald the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" in the countryside, but it is the urban spring of the year: here we report on two plays by a rising young actress, an opera by our most stylish composer, a visit from a famous foreign musician, and a book

Photograph by Michel Molinaire

Left: Twenty-four year old actress-playwright Jane Arden as the equivocal heroine of her own play *Dear Little Liz*

Designs for the opera *Nelson*: *below* two of H.M.S. Victory's Tars: *right* the George Inn at Portsmouth, where Nelson spent his last night ashore

JANE ARDEN (*opposite left*), brilliant young actress, makes her début as playwright with a double bill at the New Lindsey this month. Opening on September 1 is her 3-act comedy-fantasy *Conscience And Desire*, in which a young man's conscience materializes in the form of an engagingly innocent female imp, who haunts him with embarrassing and hilarious results. Preceding it is the one-act curtain-raiser *Dear Little Liz*, a realistic drama with Betty Lewis as the lady in question—an intriguing mixture of intellectual and street woman. Miss Arden, who plays the two strongly contrasted heroines, comes of an artistic Welsh family (Parry Jones is her uncle), and her background and stage experience have stood her in good stead now she has turned writer. Her plays have a sureness of touch, humour, and intensity.

AN eye and an ear for the bizarre and the beautiful are good things for any writer to have. For one who writes of travel as Edith Templeton does in her new book, *The Surprise Of Cremona*, they give to the ordinary qualities of observation a whipped cream texture as rich as it is light upon the readers' palate. Travelling in Italy in 1953, Mrs. Templeton came to Cremona on the Po, a river which "would be majestic if it were not so bedraggled looking. Its banks are all frayed and shredded like old shirt cuffs. . . ." Parma, Mantua, Ravenna, all materialize as she ponders upon them, dissecting each with an ironic wit, handing byzantine mosaics to you on the same platter as the local cheese, so to speak and pulling the glories of Renaissance architecture out of the bag with the dog with the rose-red fur she met in a Sicilian café. *The Surprise Of Cremona* is more than a travel book, it is a hilarious journey.

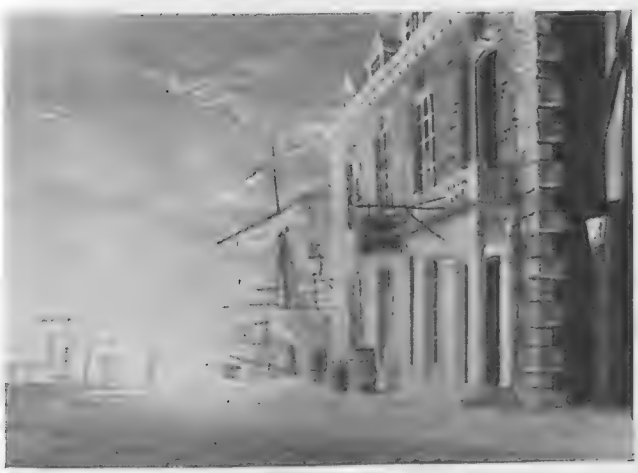
OPPOSITE (*right*) are two of Nelson's seamen, as seen by Mrs. Devine of Motley, and *below* a set by Felix Kelly, for Lennox Berkeley's *Nelson*, his first full-length opera, which opens the season at Sadler's Wells on September 22. It is fitting that one cosmopolitan Englishman should choose another for the subject of his art, that Berkeley, with his truly Parisian viewpoint, should feel at home with Horatio, who hobnobbed so easily with the Neapolitan court. The opera, naturally, covers the romantic, Hamilton years of his life, from the day he first met her to that of his death.

Edith Templeton—author of *The Surprise Of Cremona*

HERBERT VON KARAJAN (*below*), gifted German conductor who, while still in his thirties, has become world renowned for the penetrating lyricism of his interpretations. Equally good on classical and modern, he studies scores closely, re-creates the living music from the composer's mind, and in so doing imbues each performance with an unmistakable quality born of care, insight, and romance that is all his own. Karajan will conduct the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Edinburgh Festival on September 6, 7 and 8 in programmes of Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Mozart, Richard Strauss, Brahms and Beethoven.

Photograph by Georges Mailteny

Herbert von Karajan conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Edinburgh Festival



The beret can be worn like this, or following fashion forecasts for this winter, pulled low over one ear 1920s fashion

a BRUSHED WOOL beret

A beret to make from three ounces of wool using stitches you learnt in kindergarten

Materials required are 3 oz. Lee's Motoravia Wool, a No. 7 crochet hook and a wire brush such as you use for cleaning suede shoes. A quill or, if you prefer it, a decorative hat-pin. The hat can be adjusted to any sized head, but the original model fitted a 6¾ head. The tension was 6 sts. to an inch, but there is no need to worry over much about this so long as you work as close as possible.

MAKING

Make 6 chain and join into a circle with a slip stitch. **Round 1.**—Work 8 double crochet (d.c.) into circle. **Round 2.**—2 d.c. into each of previous round. **Round 3.**—* 2 d.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into next st.; repeat from * all round.

Round 4.—* 2 d.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 sts. ; rep. from * all round. **Round 5.**—* 2 d.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sts. ; rep. from * all round.

Round 6.—* 2 d.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into each of next 6 sts. ; rep. from * all round. **Round 7.**—* 2 d.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into each of next 10 sts. ; rep. from * all round.

Continue now, increasing where necessary to keep circle flat and even until diameter measures 11 ins. Work in rounds without shaping until work measures 6 ins. from centre.

* Now decrease 4 times evenly in next round. Decrease again 4 times evenly in following round, making shapings come between those of previous round. (N.B. To decrease you simply refrain from working into a stitch of previous round.) Rep. from * until hat measures 23 ins. all round. Work straight for 3 rounds without shaping, then fasten off and run in the end of wool at start and finish.

FINISHING

Brush with wire brush until fluffy all over. (*Continued on page 74*)

Second in our picture series of the great romantic novels of the past is Thomas Hardy's best-known and, for many, best-loved work

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" first appeared piecemeal in no less than three publications, the bare story in the *Graphic* newspaper, other chapters "more especially addressed to adult readers," as episodic sketches in two reviews. In 1891, Hardy pieced "trunk and limbs together" and published the complete novel.

Its reception was mixed. While a majority of reviewers and readers hailed it as the masterpiece time has proved it to be, a minority—a vociferously vocal minority—condemned it as immoral. Hardy was stung into self-defence and in the preface to a second edition published the following year wrote, "Though the novel was intended to be neither didactic nor aggressive . . . oftener charged with impressions than with conclusions . . . there have been objectors both to matter and to rendering. The more austere of these maintain a conscientious difference of opinion concerning, among other things, subjects fit for art." The seduction and consequent misfortunes of a woman whom Hardy throughout represented as pure "in the meaning of the word in Nature," were not "fit for art" to the more prejudiced of Hardy's Victorian contemporaries.

It was the subtitle, "A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented," round which the furore centred. This is what Hardy himself had to say about the subtitle, twenty years later, when his standing as poet and novelist had been officially recognized with the award of an Order of Merit. "Respecting the subtitle . . . it was appended at the last moment, after reading the final proofs, as being the estimate left in a candid mind of the heroine's character."

THE AUTHOR

Thomas Hardy was born in 1840 in Dorsetshire, the Wessex of his great novels and poems. As a young man he was articled to an architect, but he wrote in his spare time. In 1862 he came to London, undecided as to which profession to follow, architecture or literature. It was George Meredith who read his first manuscript, and helped him to make the decision in favour of literature.

Then followed the great novels through which Hardy developed "a characteristic metaphysic, in which the strivings and passions of individuals are in fruitless conflict with the inexorable process of the world." This objective fatalism was unpalatable to many of his contemporaries. *Tess Of The D'Urbervilles* had a bad reception. The next book, *Jude The Obscure*, was to be his last. From then onwards, Hardy could say what he had to say better in poetry.

Hardy, "the last of the great Victorians," died at the age of eighty-eight in 1928. His ashes are buried in Westminster Abbey, a tribute to his genius. His heart is buried in his own parish churchyard, a tribute to his affectionate devotion to the countryside where he was born.

Tess of the d'Urbervilles

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

Lost in the forest, Tess rested while Alec went off to find a way home

"THE village of Marlott lay amid the north-eastern undulations of the beautiful vale of Blackmore . . . an engirdled and secluded region for the most part untrodden as yet by tourist or landscape painter."

So Thomas Hardy describes the village in which Tess Durbeyfield lived with her parents and younger brothers and sisters. John Durbeyfield, a carter and "systematic tippler," has learnt from the parson, who dabbles in local history, of his theory that he, John, has connections with the ancient line of the d'Urbervilles, an aristocratic family whose roots are lost in the mists of time. This flattering discovery provided the shiftless John with an excuse for celebration at the Pure Drop Inn.

Tess, the eldest of several children, was "a fair, handsome girl—not handsomer than some others, possibly—but her mobile peony mouth and large, innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape. . . . A small minority, mainly strangers, would look long at her in casually passing by, and grow momentarily fascinated by her freshness, and wonder if they would ever see her again . . ."

Amid the alcoholic mists of the Pure Drop Inn, John Durbeyfield and his wife Joan agree that their alleged kinship with the aristocracy must be used to some profit. A representative of the great family—a Mrs. D'Urberville—was known to live at The Chase—a fine house a few miles distant from Marlott. Who better than Tess could be found to visit these fine and rich relations and to establish their kinship? "She'd be sure to take notice of a maid," says Joan Durbeyfield, "and 'twill be a very good thing—I don't see why two branches o' one family should not be on visiting terms."

Reluctantly, Tess accepted her commission and, rising early in the morning, made the journey by road to Trantridge, the parish in which the vague and mysterious Mrs. d'Urberville had her residence.

The truth is that the d'Urbervilles of Trantridge had no claim to the great name but had adopted it when they came some years before to Dorset as being one which would not readily identify them with the trade in which they had made their money in the north.

The first to meet Tess in the grounds as she approached the big house was Alec d'Urberville: "He had an almost swarthy complexion, with full lips, badly-moulded though red and smooth, above which was a well-groomed black moustache with curled points . . ."

Alec rode down on to the group of drunken revellers. "Jump up behind me," he said to the frightened Tess

Rousing her little brothers and sisters from sleep, Tess bade them kneel while she christened her baby

Angel, an idealist and a dreamer, was stunned by Tess's confession, finding himself unable to forgive her as she so generously forgave him

Shyly, Tess claimed her kinship and explained her mission. She was anxious to get her business done with, but the susceptible Alec would not let her go. "I must think if I can do something. My mother must find a berth for you . . ." he said at last. Thus it was arranged in due course that Tess should enter the service of Mrs. d'Urberville to help in the management of her poultry farm.

All was excitement at the Durbeyfield cottage, except for Tess, who set out from home in her white muslin gown to take up her new post, sad at leaving the village and the home she loved and troubled with foreboding at the new life before her. Half-way along the road to Trantridge with her few possessions she was met by Alec d'Urberville, who took her in his trap towards her new home. The instant familiarity of his demeanour increased her alarm.

Tess settled into her work of tending the poultry and Mrs. d'Urberville's pet finches. "A familiarity with Alec d'Urberville's presence—which that young man carefully cultivated in her by playful dialogue, and by jestingly calling her his cousin when they were alone—removed much of her original shyness of him, without, however, implanting any feeling which could engender shyness of a new and tenderer kind."

Time passed, until one evening, returning from the fair and market at the near-by town, Tess had the misfortune to fall out with one of the farm-workers at The Chase, a dark virago lately a favourite of Alec d'Urberville and now conscious of a sense of rivalry with Tess. The half-drunk crowd, siding with the other woman, were beginning to threaten Tess, when out of the wood Alec d'Urberville came riding on his horse. "Jump up behind me," he whispered to the frightened Tess. In any other circumstances she would have refused, but in fear and indignation at the contentious revellers she scrambled up behind him and they rode away.

"Neatly done, was it not, dear Tess?" he said by and by.

"Yes!" said she. "I am sure I ought to be much obliged to you."

"And are you?"

She did not reply.

"Tess, why do you always dislike my kissing you?"

"I suppose—because I don't love you."

Tess, grateful to him for her rescue, did not see the full danger of her position. The night was dark and a thick mist rapidly enveloped them until, utterly lost, Tess sat down while Alec went on foot to find his bearings. After wandering alone in search of a landmark, he returned to find Tess asleep. ". . . where was Tess's guardian angel? Where was the providence of her simple faith? . . .

"Why was it that upon this beautiful feminine tissue, sensitive as gossamer, and practically blank as snow as yet, there should have been traced such a coarse pattern as it was doomed to receive? . . .

"As Tess's own people down in those retreats are never tired of saying among each other in their fatalistic way: 'It was to be.'"

ABOUT four months after Tess Durbeyfield's arrival at Trantridge she returned to her home, and during the months of waiting for the baby that was to be born, she came to realise that "she was not an existence, an experience, a passion, a stricture of sensations to anybody but herself."

One day, when they were milking in the meadow, Angel jumped up and, clasping Tess in his arms, murmured "I am devoted to you, Tessy"

Tess, exhausted by long hours of arduous work, with no word from Angel to give her hope, still had faith enough to refuse Alec

But even this philosophy could not comfort her long. The baby, sickly from birth, grew weaker, until one night, as Tess sat rocking the sick child in her arms, she realised it was dying and that she had never had him christened. Rousing her little brothers and sisters from their sleep, she made them kneel while, with water from the jug on the wash-stand, she christened the infant "Sorrow." "Her figure looked singularly tall and imposing as she stood in her long white nightgown, a thick cable of twisted dark hair hanging straight down her back to her waist, her high enthusiasm having a transfiguring effect upon the face which had been her undoing, showed it as a thing of immaculate beauty, with a touch of dignity which was almost regal."

The baby died, and after an interval Tess went to another part of the country to work as a milkmaid on Talbothay's Dairy. Angel Clare, a parson's son, was working at the farm as a six-months dairyman's pupil, with the object of farming in the colonies or renting a home farm of his own.

To Angel, at twenty-six, and an idealist, Tess stood out from the other girls by her virginal freshness, "that touch of rarity . . . which might make her the envy of her housemates." The two, thrown constantly together through the lovely months of spring and summer, were deeply attracted. "They met continually; they could not help it. They met daily at that strange and solemn interval, the twilight of the morning, in the violet or pink dawn"; at their milking-pails. "Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung upon Tess's eyelashes, and drops upon her hair, like seed pearls . . ."

When the August sun was at its highest, milking was done in the meadows for coolness. One day, Tess was milking "and the sun chancing to be on the milking side it shone flat upon her pink-gowned form and her white curtain-bonnet, and upon her profile, rendering it keen as a cameo cut from the dun background of the cow." Angel, milking near by, jumped up from his stool and, going towards her, clasping her in his arms, declared his love for her.

CRUEL days of indecision followed for Tess; she loved Angel, but how could she accept his proposal of marriage—how destroy his simple faith in her by a confession of her early misfortunes? Yet she found herself drifting into acquiescence. "Every see-saw of her breath, every wave of her blood, every pulse singing in her ears, was a voice that joined with nature in revolt against her scrupulousness. . . . 'I shall give way—I shall say yes—I shall let myself marry him—I cannot help it!'"

Angel had held out his arms, but they fell again, for Tess remained on the threshold, unresponsive. "It is too late," she said in a tragic voice

Tess, wearing a heavy black veil, left the house in search of Angel

As the first light of dawn crept up over the great plain, Angel saw a man approaching them

They were married on New Year's Eve. Afterwards they drove along the valley to Wellbridge and the fine old manor house in which they had engaged lodgings for the honeymoon. Angel confessed to a past escapade—a few hours of dissipation in London. In childlike belief that confession on one side equals confession on the other, Tess confided the secret of her own unhappy past. But the generous forgiveness that she gave to Angel was lacking in his response to her own story. Angel, the idealist, the dreamer, was stunned by her confession. Steeped in the rigid principles of a Victorian upbringing, Angel believed that Alec d'Urberville was in reality Tess's husband. To continue to live as man and wife would be tantamount to adultery.

Days of agonising emotional strain followed while Angel struggled between his love and his principles. His principles proved strongest, and Angel embarked for Brazil. "There is no anger between us," he told Tess, "though there is that which I cannot endure at present. If I can bring myself to bear it, if it is desirable, possible, I will come to you. But until I come to you it will be better that you should not try to come to me."

The small amount of money Clare left Tess was soon swallowed up by the needs of her impecunious family. She had to find work again. All she could get was hard work as a field labourer. Throughout the winter, Tess "slaved in the morning frosts and in the afternoon rains. Still Tess hoped . . ." Her faith that Angel would return to her did not waver.

THEN Alec d'Urberville returned to the scene, and his old passion reawakened, he implored her to give up all hope of her husband's return and go away with him. Tess, given all the most exhaustive jobs by a vindictive employer, was sorely tempted by Alec d'Urberville's promises of ease and plenty. In her anguish she wrote to Angel, but there was no reply. Then Tess's father died. With his death, the lease of the house in which the Durbeyfield family lived was ended, and Tess, who had resisted the importunities of Alec d'Urberville throughout her own personal hell of doubt and physical strain, succumbed on behalf of her dependent family.

Meantime, Angel had returned to England ready to claim Tess as his wife. Perturbed by her pathetic letter he tracked her down at last.

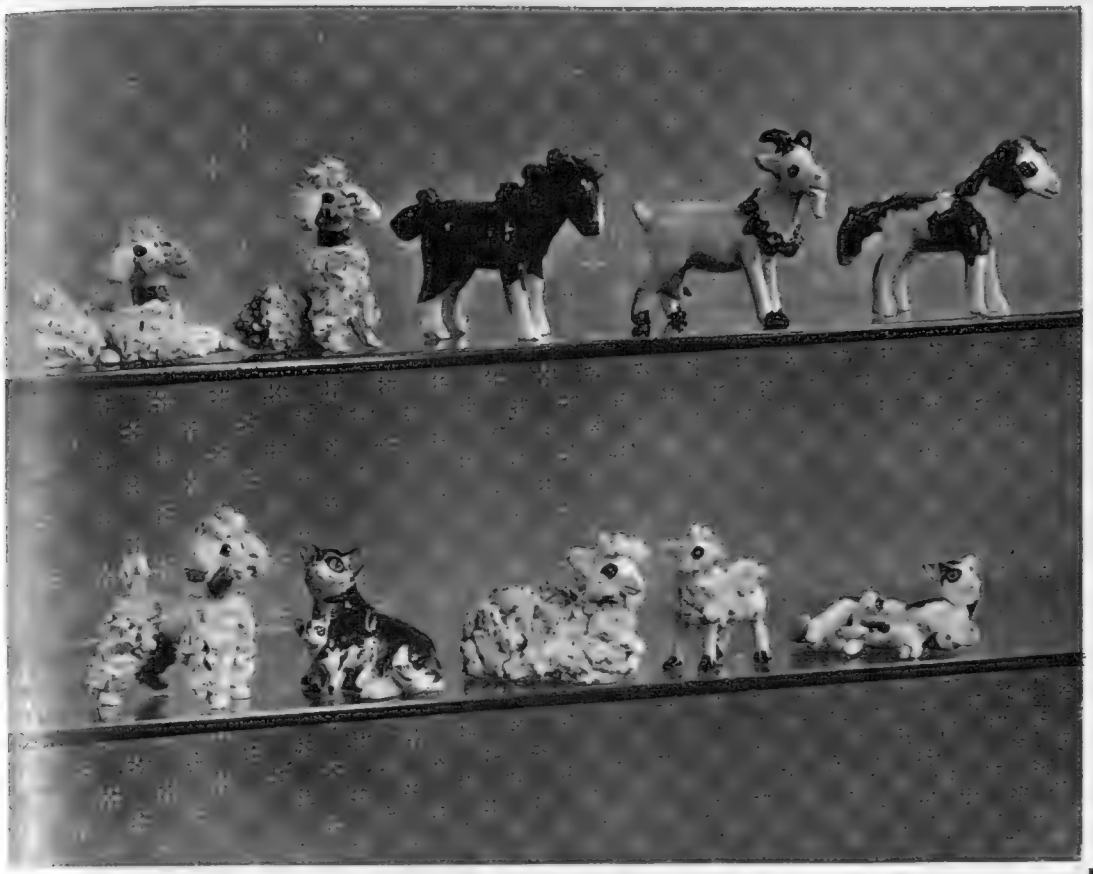
"Tess!" he said huskily. "Can you forgive me for going away? Can't you—come to me?"

"It is too late," said she. (*Continued on page 78*)

Angel stood with Tess's younger sister, silently watching the black flag break and flutter in the wind

MARGARET SHARP

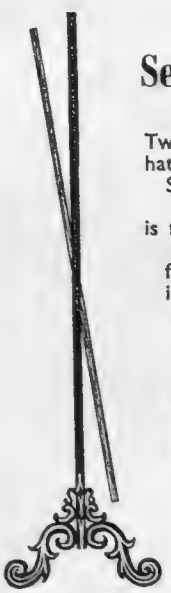
Shopping For You...



Above : Enchanting china animals handmade by Sylvie Nesbitt, each a collector's piece. Poodles, ponies and goat, 6s. each ; cats with kittens, 8s., and a group of ewe and two lambs, 13s., postage included. From her studio, 70A, Cheval Place, London, S.W.7, where visitors are welcome on weekdays to see the artist at work. **Left :** Pot-pourri containers are difficult to track down, but these come from Druces of Baker Street. The hand-painted porcelain " crinoline lady " pomander, packaged with an envelope of pot-pourri for 12s. 9d., is by the well-known potter, Peggy Foy. Other pomanders, 18s. 9d. Postage 9d.

Right : Beautiful Webb Corbett cut glass in contemporary designs is now being produced in larger quantities. This water jug, £3 15s. 6d., with tumblers to match £1 11s. each, postage extra, are among examples at Heals of Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1. **Left :** Two ideas from Druces of Baker Street. A tumbler tray with eight holders to keep the glasses steady. In black wrought iron, with white handles, 14s. 6d., postage 2s. In the background is a fanciful fruit basket in the form of a cockerel, in black, white or red, price 25s. 6d., postage 2s.

Left : The Wavemaster, a small, compact electric washing machine with a 6-gallon capacity to take 2½ lb. of dry clothing per load. The washer is placed on the stove (gas, electric, oil or coal) to heat the water if piped hot water is not available, and it can also be used when a boiling wash is necessary. It is in three parts, the outer handled bowl, the inner flow chamber and the power lid which contains the motor protected by cowling and baffle plates. £25, from Whiteley's. Trays for washing crockery which convert it into a dishwasher, 12s. 6d. extra.



Service of the Month

Two enterprising ladies have opened a hat library at 88, George Street, Baker Street, London, W.1, where you can hire a hat for a day. The charge is from 10s. to 40s.—according to the value of the hat. There are tailored, flowery or fabulous hats for the once-in-a-lifetime occasion to choose from and no two models are alike.

You leave a deposit of twice the hiring fee, which is returned when the hat goes back the next day. In case you should wonder, returned hats are sterilised, cleaned and the trimmings renewed before they are put back into circulation.

As a hair stylist and a trichologist, Steiner's opinions are backed with a fabulous knowledge and experience, and an insight into the feminine ego. "I have often noticed," he says, "that when women change their hair style, they change their expression. A new hair style, like a new hat, is a morale booster." But, then, a cautionary word. "If you alter the colour of your hair you must alter your make-up. The same cosmetics will not do if you change from mousy brunette to blonde, or if you deepen the natural colour of your hair." Then, switching viewpoints from artist's to trichologist's: "No woman can have beautiful hair, whatever attention she gives it, unless she looks after her general health, too. After that, there are three simple rules for beautiful hair. It must be well-cleansed, well-nourished and well-styled." We asked for more details and here are Steiner's answers . . .

Q. *How can hair be kept in good condition?*

A. It is almost impossible for women who live in large modern towns to have perfectly conditioned hair. The correct functioning of the sebaceous glands on which the health of the hair depends is unlikely in the smoky atmosphere of a city. Town life is not a natural one and has its repercussions on the hair. One has to go to the countries of the south, where life is more relaxed, where there is sunshine and good diet, to find the most perfect heads of hair.

But, generally speaking, it is possible to keep the hair healthy by keeping yourself healthy and by following these simple rules. Hair and scalp should be correctly shampooed at least once a week. A good nourishing agent should be used daily on the hair and the scalp toned and the circulation stimulated with regular daily massage and brushing.

Q. *What type of shampoo do you advise?*

A. There are three main types of shampoo. The first has a soap base and is best used with softened water. The second has a soapless detergent base and does not leave a deposit with hard water, but it has a marked degreasing action. The third type has a biological base and is excellent for all types of hair and as a general tonic and disinfectant for preventing minor scalp ailments. A shampoo with a biological base is rapidly absorbed by the skin tissues, thereby carrying in the cleansing agent when water is used on the scalp. The lather irrigates the hair follicles and in its passage pushes out the debris. It is important to apply this type of shampoo correctly to get the full effects. The hair should be parted at half-inch intervals all over the head and the shampoo massaged into the scalp with the finger-tips dipped into warm water. This massaging should continue for at least five minutes, so that the cream is absorbed by the tissues. The hair is then rinsed, and the process repeated.

Q. *What is your opinion of brushing?*

A. In my opinion, hair should be brushed regularly morning and evening, using a clean, real bristle-type brush. Long sweeps should be made from scalp to the ends of the hair, which should be taken one section at a time. This routine not only helps to clean the scalp, but it stimulates the circulation, giving the hair a beautiful sheen.

Q. *Do perms cause the hair to go grey?*

A. Emphatically no. Indifferent perming can cause bad condition because a bad perm splits the hair. But there is no connection between perming and loss of colour.

Q. *Can you have too many perms?*

A. So long as the perm is competently done, the condition of the hair is unaffected, so you can have as many perms as you require.

Q. *Does the hair have to be prepared for a perm?*

A. If the hair has been well permed in the past, its condition should be good, therefore no further preparation should be necessary as far as conditioning is concerned. But you must plan your hair style before a perm, and have the hair cut according to the style desired. The success of the perm rests to a great extent on planning the style beforehand.

Q. *Can a hairdresser judge the condition and type of hair or does he need any assistance from me?*

A. While a good hairdresser recognises different types of hair at a glance, he relies on you to point out any personal hair peculiarities before he perms. State how your hair has responded in the past, whether your scalp is particularly sensitive, and so on.

Q. *What can be done to correct excessively greasy hair?*

A. This is due to the sebum being produced excessively from a little gland situated at the hair base. Shampoo thoroughly bi-weekly using a mild shampoo. When the condition has

Famous name in hairdressing, fashionable salons, Steiner has put to him on your behalf. month, he will reply to your him at "Britannia and Eve,"

Your Hair Problems Answered

improved, always shampoo once weekly. Brush vigorously daily to distribute the natural oils evenly along the hair from root to tip. A permanent wave may make the hair slightly porous and help to absorb the grease. Drink plenty of water.

Q. *What can be done to correct very dry hair?*

A. If your hair looks brittle and dry and feels like haystalks to the touch, it is suffering from lack of sebum. Do not brush the hair with a hard brush, as this will cause brittle hair to break even more. Apply a nourishing or sebosyn type of preparation daily. Shampoo weekly, using a biological shampoo. Do not use degreasing agents, avoid using metal-type hair curlers and get expert advice before having a perm.

Q. *What can be done about dandruff?*

A. There are two kinds of dandruff. One is a natural scaling which occurs on the scalp as elsewhere on the body. The other is scaling caused by a symptom of a scalp malady. In both cases, proper cleansing is necessary to counteract the congestion of dirt, discarded cells and grease on the scalp which stop up the pores; and also the application of an antiseptic dandruff lotion.

Q. *Why does hair turn grey?*

A. The greying of hair is associated with age, but many youngish women to-day are prematurely grey, probably due to diet deficiency. Early greyness is often hereditary, or can be caused through nervous ailments, so don't worry yourself into early greyness! No curative treatment is known beyond keeping the scalp clean and healthy and eating a balanced diet.

Q. *What is your opinion of home tinting?*

A. While hair tinting by experts is perfectly harmless, I don't advise home experiments. My advice is don't have it done at all unless you can afford the regular professional attention required.

There are, however, a number of colour rinses which can be safely used at home after the shampoo. A good rinse will brighten dull hair and last until the hair is re-shampooed. Choose a shade nearest to your hair colour; only those with greying or white hair should use a blue, mauve or gunmetal shade. Alternatively, you can "spray-on" colour. With this method, aim at a contrast with your own hair. The colour chosen will simply brush out when you want to change the shade or return to nature.

Q. *Why does hair fall out?*

A. The average head loses about twenty-five hairs a day, but as the total number of hairs on a head average around 120,000, it is hardly surprising that this does not cause light-headedness! Nor does this happen particularly in the springtime, as it is commonly supposed. So don't worry if your hair comes out on comb or brush; it happens to everyone. But if the fallen hair does not appear to be replaced, then you should consult a hair doctor, or trichologist, as they are called.

Q. *Is it possible to have straight hair cut to make it curl?*

A. Nothing will make really straight hair curl, but hair can be cut in a certain way to encourage an existing wave or curl. Hair which appears straight may, in fact, have a tendency to curl, the strands can be 40 per cent. natural wave, while 60 per cent. is straight. When wave cutting is done, some of this straight hair is carefully removed. The curl part is then strong enough to draw the remaining straight hair into a soft wave. The new natural wave is then encouraged and strengthened by correct setting.

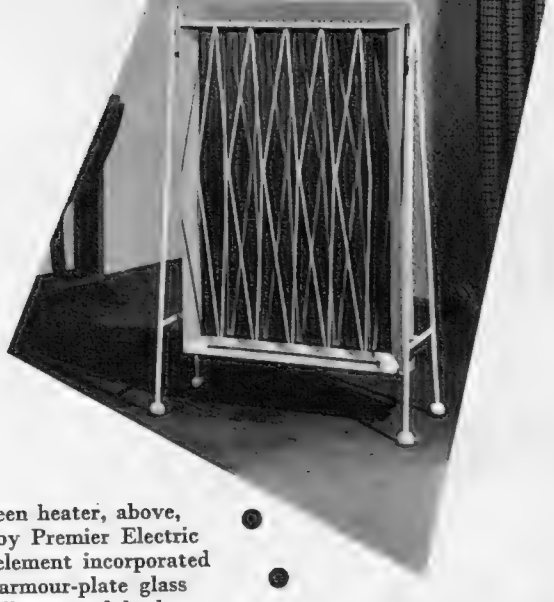
Q. *What styles will be fashionable this coming winter?*

A. We are not yet out of the short-hair era. The autumn styles tend to be just a little longer, but definitely wider. Hair will be fuller at the sides, with the "East to West" look adapted, of course, to individual features.

owner of one of West End's most answered these questions

For the remainder of this personal enquiries addressed to Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

Warmth Where



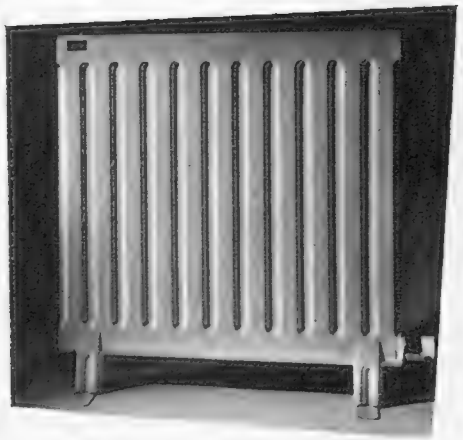
Radiant screen heater, above, £12 19s. 5d., by Premier Electric with heating element incorporated behind the armour-plate glass panel. Wall-mounted bathroom fire (left), by G.E.C. £5 9s. 3d., with safety guard and insulated switch attachment

Hawkins' midget heater, £1 0s. 3d., ideal for converted airing cupboards, under car bonnets, etc.

Buying a new electric heater without consideration for the heating job expected of it is a form of extravagance no one can afford. Maximum efficiency at minimum running cost depends on choosing the right heater, and here is a survey of some of the electric space heaters now available.

from "Brueghel," by Robert L. Delevoy, published by Heinemann

Radiant glass wall panel heater by E. K. Cole, from £8 17s. 7d., decorative and practical where space is limited



Oil-filled electric radiator, by Hurséal, from £11 19s. 8d., for main or supplementary heating, usually fixed below a window to warm incoming air

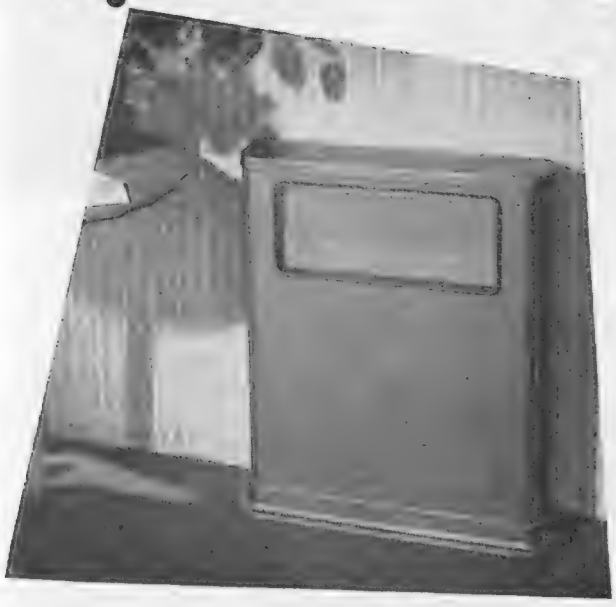
You Want it...

The new G.E.C. portable fire, left, the Cosyglo, is designed with a special reflector which radiates the heat evenly in all directions so that direct heat is beamed over a wide area. The price is £6 9s. 9d.

Modern comfort allied to period design in the Berry Magicoal Fire, above. This is the Wilton, but other reproduction period models are available from £38 4s. 6d.

An electric space heater by Berry's, left, with selective thermostatic control, £14 10s. 2d. Enclosed heating unit makes it safe if there are children around

Electric fire on contemporary lines, below, by Ferranti, £11 9s. 5d. Parabolic curvature to the reflector unit concentrates the heat. Settings furnished by Heals



A bronze finished convector heater, left, by Midland Electric Manufacturing Co., £12 5s. 10d. Air is drawn in, heated, and circulated through the grid to give gentle heat through the room

One for You and Two for Her

A jumper to knit in a three-toned colour scheme and a gay, warm ensemble for a little girl

Photograph by Michael Williams

THE JUMPER

MATERIALS required for this jumper are 4 oz. of dark and 1½ oz. of medium and light shades of Ladyship "Fairlady" 3-ply wool, one pair of No. 12 needles and one pair of either 9 or 8 needles according to the size required. For a size 34-in. bust, use No. 12 and No. 9 needles and work at a tension of 7 sts. and 12 rows to the inch measured over the pattern on No. 9 needles. For a 36-in. bust, use No. 12 and No. 8 needles, and work at a tension of 6 sts. and 10 rows to the inch on No. 8 needles.

THE BACK

Using the fine needles, and dark wool cast on 99 sts. and rib as follows :

1st row.—(K. 1 p. 1) to ending k. 1.

2nd row.—(P. 1 k. 1) to ending p. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for 28 in all.

Change to the larger needles, and commence patt. as follows :

1st row.—Join medium wool leaving dark wool attached, and k. 3, sl. 1 knitways ; rep. these 4 sts. to ending k. 3.

2nd row.—P. 1, * sl. 1 (*Continued on page* 80)

THE CARDIGAN

MATERIALS required are 4 (4, 5) oz. 3-ply Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. Nylaness, No. 13 and No. 10 needles and 6 buttons. Instructions are for 3 sizes, 3-4 years, 5-6 years, 7-8 years, the two larger sizes appearing in brackets, thus: 3 (5, 7). Abbreviations for both patterns are: K. = knit, p. = purl, st(s) = stitches, st.st. = stocking stitch, rep. = repeat, beg. = beginning, patt. = pattern, tog. = together, inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same stitch, dec. = decrease by working 2 sts. together.

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 102 (110, 118) sts. and work in k. 1 p. 1 rib for 2¼ ins. (2¾ ins., 3 ins.), inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row. Change to No. 10 needles and work every row the same as follows.

1st row.—* k. 2, p. 2 * to last 3 sts. k. 2, p. 1. Rep. this row until work measures 9 ins. (9½ ins., 10 ins.) from beg. To shape armholes cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at start of next 2 rows then dec. 1 st. of both ends of next row and the following 5 alternate rows. Now continue in patt. without further shaping until work measures 13½ ins. (14½ ins., 15½ ins.) from beg. To shape shoulders cast off 12 (13, 14) at start of next 2 rows and 13 (14, 15) sts. at start of following 2 rows. Cast off remainder for back of neck.

FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 48 (52, 56) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2¼ ins. (2¾ ins., 3 ins.) inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row. Change to No. 10 needles, and work (*Continued on page* 80)

Photograph by Mailony

THE SKIRT

MATERIALS required for this skirt are 1 oz. Torpedo Topsy 3-ply wool in Yorkstone, shade No. 133, 2 oz. in Cardinal Red, shade No. 77, 1 oz. in each Jade shade No. 14, Royal Blue shade No. 1, and Lemon shade No. 31, one pair of No. 10 and one pair No. 13 knitting needles. The skirt is designed to fit a child aged 6-8 years and measures 15 ins. from waist to hem, waist 25 ins, width round the lower hem approximately 42 ins. Tension should be 7½ stitches to one in. measured over the stocking stitch worked on No. 10 needles.

Note.—The patt. of skirt consists of 36 rows arranged in the following order of colour. 12 rows of red, 5 rows of lemon, 2 rows of blue, 5 rows of lemon, 3 rows of stone, 6 rows of jade and 3 rows of stone.

Using No. 10 needles and red, cast on 170 sts.

1st row.—(Right side of work) P. 5, (k. 7, p. 10,) 9 times, k. 7, p. 5.

2nd row.—K. 5, (p. 7, k. 10), 9 times, p. 7, k. 5. Rep. the last 2 rows 5 times more. Break off red and join on lemon.

13th row.—K. all sts. in lemon.

14th row.—K. 5, (p. 7, k. 10), 9 times, p. 7, k. 5.

15th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 3, (k. 7, p. 2 tog., p. 8), 9 times, k. 7, p. 5 (160 sts.).

16th row.—K. 5 (p. 7, k. 9), 9 times, p. 7, k. 4.

17th row.—P. 4 (k. 7, p. 9), 9 times, k. 7, p. 5.

18th row.—Leave lemon wool hanging and join on blue, p. all sts. in blue.

19th row.—Blue : p. 4 (k. 7, p. 9), 9 times, k. 7, p. 5. Break off blue, and work the next 5 rows in lemon thus :

20th row.—P. all sts.

21st row.—As 17th row.

22nd and 23rd rows.—As 16th and 17th rows.

24th row.—As 16th row. Break off lemon and join on stone.

25th row.—K. all sts. in stone.

26th row.—Stone : K. 5, (p. 7, k. 9), 9 times, p. 7, k. 4.

27th row.—Stone : p. 4, (k. 7, p. 9) 9 times, k. 7, p. 5. Leave stone hanging and join on jade.

28th row.—P. all sts. in jade. Work the next 5 rows in jade thus :

29th row.—P. 4 (k. 7, p. 9), 9 times, k. 7, p. 5.

30th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 3 (p. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 7), 9 times, p. 7, k. 4. (150 sts.)

31st row.—P. 4 (k. 7, p. 8), 9 times, k. 7, p. 4.

32nd row.—K. 4 (p. 7, k. 8), 9 times, p. 7, k. 4.

33rd row.—As 31st row. Break off jade and work the next 3 rows in stone thus :

34th row.—P. all sts. in stone.

35th and 36th rows.—As 31st and 32nd rows. Break off stone. Work the next 12 rows in red thus :

37th row.—K. all sts. in red.

Work in rib for 7 rows.

45th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 2 (k. 7, p. 2 tog., p. 6), 9 times, k. 7, p. 4. (140 sts.)

46th row.—K. 4 (p. 7, k. 7), 9 times, p. 7, k. 3.

47th row.—P. 3 (k. 7, p. 7), 9 times, k. 7, p. 4.

48th row.—As 46th row. Break off red, and work 5 rows in lemon thus :

49th row.—K. all sts. in lemon. Work in rib for 4 rows. Leave (*Continued on page* 80)

For the little girl's skirt, mix the colours boldly with primary reds, greens and blues, and team it with a white cardigan (made in nylon yarn for easy laundering). But grade the colours subtly for the yoked jumper which is worked in an interesting, but simple stitch using three tones of the same colour

COOKERY... *by JANET DARBY*

a Light Hand with SPONGE

There are a few golden rules for successful sponge making—after that practice makes perfect

I START this article with particular emotion, because it took me many bitter hours before I got the better of the jinx that dogged me whenever I attempted to make a sponge cake. My early attempts, alas! were neither sponge nor cake. Sometimes they turned out to be hard flat plates; sometimes unexpectedly they rose at one side and burned at the other. Once or twice they came out with white spots on top; occasionally the crust was so soft and sticky that it dented under the knife like so much rubber. While as for Swiss Rolls! But let me draw a veil over these sad memories and instead offer you the ripe fruit of my experience with sponges.

Here are a few general rules which will help you to avoid the more obvious disasters. Use good quality plain flour, be sure it is dry, and sift it before using it. Don't use baking powder if you can spare an adequate number of eggs. Always use fine caster sugar, for granulated sugar produces those white spots I mentioned. And never use more sugar than the recipe specifies—too much sugar makes a sticky crust. *Don't* grease the tin if you want a soft exterior to your sponge; if you like a light golden crust, grease and flour the tin. Beat your eggs till they are thick and light, and be sure that your oven is fairly hot—375 deg. F. is usually right.

A true sponge contains no fat at all. Its richness is derived from the number of eggs you use, and no fat-free sponge should be kept for very long. It is only at its best if it is eaten fresh. Victoria or Genoese sponges, both of which are made with fat, may be kept for a day or so without turning crisp and hard. And of course any sponge, however plain, may be enriched by layers of cream or jam or both.

Now for a few recipes. A basic plain sponge can be made from 4 eggs, 4 oz. plain flour, and 4 oz. caster sugar. Add a few drops of vanilla or lemon essence if you like.

Break the eggs separately into a good-sized bowl. Add the sifted sugar and whisk together until the mixture is light in colour and creamy. It should then be thick enough to retain the impression of the whisk when laid lightly on top of it. Now fold the sieved flour in *lightly*—don't beat the flour in, or the cake will be lumpy. Pour quickly into the prepared tin, and into the preheated oven with it. Don't slam the door, and don't peep every so often. It should take about 40 minutes. Take it from the oven and stand it out of a draught for 2 minutes before turning on to a wire rack. Don't cut or fill it before it is cold.

Most layer cakes consist of layers of sponge, with various fillings; coffee or chocolate are favourite ones, but a little ingenuity will add dozens of layer cakes to your repertoire. Vanilla butter icing with chopped toasted nuts is a good one; a purée of soft fruit with thick cream is another, and any fudge or caramel filling is certain to win applause. For plainer cakes like jam sandwiches I (*Continued on page* 80)

Beautiful
ballito
NYLON
STOCKINGS
ST. ALBANS
HERTS · ENGLAND

Secret Drawer (*Continued from page* 31)

The Vicar read them the story of Cain and Abel. Murder, thought Miss Claremount, in those days was rather an unusual affair. Maria would have finished her preparations for lunch by now and would be sitting with her feet up, reading with placid enjoyment the crime of the week. "Girl's wrist slashed in bath." "Man in raincoat stabs five." "Peer poisons poet." Miss Claremount sniffed at her rose and then stood to sing with the congregation: "For those in peril." They all liked the tune and sang it with enjoyment. The village of Borden was a long way from dangerous waters.

After lunch she said to Maria: "I've invited some people in for next Saturday evening. One must, I suppose, entertain one's relatives. Sherry."

Maria nodded with a martyred air. "The Colonel likes whisky. Mr. Tom will drink anything. Those girls. . . ."

"I'm going to write letters," Miss Claremount interrupted.

At the pillar box in the wall she met her nearest neighbour. "On Saturday?" he repeated. "Dear lady, we should be delighted. Your charming nieces, did you say?"

"My nieces," Miss Claremount affirmed dryly. "But there will be one or two others."

The Admiral raised his old tweed cap. "We shall be there promptly at six-thirty. Thank you so much."

BARBARA CONWAY sorted the Monday letters. There was one from her aunt and the rest were bills. She telephoned her sister. "Thursday suits the old trout. I've warned her you may be late."

"You wouldn't think of leaving later yourself and driving me down?"

Janet was always looking for opportunities to save railway fares, Barbara thought, and replied coldly: "I'm not keen on driving at night."

"Oh all right," said Janet. "See you there, then," and rang off.

Barbara hung up more slowly. Janet was tiresome but perhaps it was stupid to antagonize her. One never knew. . . . She dialled the number again but there was no answer. Janet must have left for her shop. She wondered how Janet was doing. Her antiques were always very expensively priced. Did people have money to spend nowadays? Janet was always very close about her affairs. There must be some people with money. Look at their aunt! A beautiful small house, full of antiques which Janet was always eyeing enviously when they went down there, a good cook, a full time gardener, two dailies, a car, an annual trip abroad. One could not have all that unless one was pretty comfortably off.

The three Claremount sisters had all been well off when their father died many years ago but the two younger ones had married and their husbands had helped them to spend their money. Only Effie, the eldest, had been lucky with investments and in having no family ties, and now she was the only one alive. It was hardly fair, Barbara brooded. She and Janet had been left nothing and their widower uncle, Colonel Raymond, seemed equally hard up. As for their cousin Tom, the Colonel's son, he was a positive sponger. Everyone was worse off than Aunt Effie and she never parted with a penny. "She can't take it with her!" Barbara consoled herself, setting off for the school where she taught chemistry.

Aunt Effie was in her thoughts all day.

"Old Connie's very absentminded this afternoon," one of her less enthusiastic pupils murmured to another. "Wonder what she's thinking about?"

"Weedkiller," whispered her friend. "She would like to poison the lot of us." This witticism appealed to them. They stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to stop themselves laughing out loud.

Janet was haggling over a desk which a man had just brought into her shop. It was a beautiful piece of furniture, old and polished and shapely. Her Aunt had one almost exactly like it. The man knew its value and would not budge an inch from his stated price. They looked at each other warily, recognizing the worth of the adversaries they were.

"Not a penny less," said the man. "I could sell it down the road for a better price."

"Then why bring it to me?" asked Janet.

"Because I know you appreciate a bargain." The man laughed. "It's got a secret drawer." He showed her the little panel to press and the drawer opened smoothly.

"I wonder if Aunt Effie has a drawer like that?" thought Janet as she counted out the notes for the man.

He pushed them into his wallet and gave her a nod. "You won't lose on it. Good day."

Tom was cleaning his golf clubs. He liked the course near Aunt Effie's house. It would be pleasant to get out of town for a few days.

"Don't you work on Mondays?" asked his father. "Don't people inspect cars at the beginning of the week?"

Tom putted an imaginary ball across the carpet. "Mondays," he said, "are definitely unpleasant. I cannot imagine any man coming to a serious conclusion on a Monday. He might buy a motorcycle. But a car? Definitely no." He put the club back in the bag.

"Have you had the sack?" asked his father brutally.

"No. But I'm taking indefinite leave without pay."

His father exploded. Tom waited patiently for the fireworks to be over. "I don't like the motor trade," he said at last. "What happened to all mother's money, Father?"

The Colonel had reached the muttering stage. It was useless inquiring, Tom concluded. No one in the family had any money nowadays. Except Aunt Effie. He picked up his golf clubs and went out, whistling.

Maria was cooking with care. There were fires and flowers in all the rooms. She did not like Miss Claremount's relatives but she approved of entertaining. Dinner was laid for five. It was to be late because of Miss Janet. The others were in the drawing-room, the Colonel with his whisky and soda. Maria tasted the soup and nodded. Just right. Miss Barbara hadn't looked at all pleased when she was told the Blue Room. A haughty creature, if ever there was one.

Barbara had had a bath and changed. She was refreshed and more at ease when she went into the drawing-room. Tom poured her out a drink. It was the kind of activity which appealed to him.

"Did you," asked Barbara, softened by her pleasant surroundings, "play golf today?"

Tom stretched out his legs towards the fire and began at the first green.

After a while Barbara took her eye off the ball and said: "Aren't you having a drink, Aunt Effie?"

Tom, his own glass now empty, bestirred himself.

"Thank you, my dear. I thought perhaps I would wait for Janet. Here she is now."

"Go and greet her," Barbara ordered and took the glass of sherry from Tom's hand. He was so surprised that he went quietly and Barbara, stopping for a moment to admire a bowl of flowers, carried the glass across to her aunt. "You look tired," she said. "You've been overdoing preparations for us all. This will pick you up."

Miss Claremount was surprised. She was not at all tired and Barbara had never commented upon her health before. "I'm not sure I want a drink at all," she said, putting the glass down on a small table beside her. "I've never acquired this before-dinner habit, you know."

"Then you should," said Barbara. "This excellent sherry is a tonic. Don't you agree, Uncle Charles?"

Tom and Janet came in. She was small and smart and unlined. "Hallo everybody! Aunt Effie! How are you? Sorry to be late." She was down on her knees by the fire in a moment. "What a lovely blaze!"

"Drink, Janet?" asked Tom.

"I wish you would have this sherry," said their aunt. "Barbara was just badgering me into it when you came. But I don't really want it."

Janet stretched out her hand as Barbara crossed the room. "Janet much prefers a cocktail."

Janet looked surprised. "I always appreciate Aunt Effie's sherry," she said. "But I'm too tired to argue. Anything will do."

After a moment's hesitation Miss Claremount raised the sherry glass. "I drink to you all," she said graciously. "It was kind of you to come."

There were flowers and candles and beautiful silver on the table. There was hock to drink from delicate glasses. Considering that they were all related and who they were, reflected Maria at the serving hatch, the dinner was quite a merry affair. Only Miss Claremount was quiet. She looked, Maria thought, as if she had one of her headaches. They always came on suddenly. When she served the coffee Miss Claremount confirmed this. "I hope you will forgive me. I'm going to leave you all."

They expressed their concern with unusual interest. Even the Colonel was sympathetic. "Headache? Rotten things! I get them myself. Often."

Maria preceded her upstairs with a glass of hot water. "It seems worse than usual, Maria. I feel really rather ill. What a nuisance it is."

IN the drawing-room the Colonel nodded. Barbara looked at a gardening magazine describing fertilizers. Janet seemed restless. She prowled about the room. Presently she sat down at her aunt's desk.

"Writing letters at this time of night?" asked Barbara.

"I was merely wondering . . ." began Janet. "Yes, it does!" She had pressed the little panel and it had moved.

"Janet, what *are* you doing?"

Tom sat up. "What would she be doing?" he asked.

Janet's hand was inside the secret drawer. "I wonder if she knows about it?"

A coal fell into the hearth and the Colonel jerked in his chair. "What's that? Anyone speak? Must have been asleep." He roused himself and looked across to the group round the desk. Janet was telling them about her recent purchase. "So I thought I would have a look at Aunt's. It might entertain her to know there is a secret drawer."

"Anything in it?"

Janet's slim fingers explored. "A long envelope. An old love letter perhaps. Aunt Effie will be amused."

"Take it out!" Tom ordered sharply. Janet eased the long envelope through the narrow aperture.

"It's her will," said Barbara.

"Thought as much," said Tom.

There was a moment's uneasy silence. The Colonel joined them. "None of our business," he said slowly.

"Perhaps not," said Tom, "but damned interesting. Read it aloud, Janet."

Janet surveyed her relatives with raised eyebrows. "It would seem the 'ayes' have it," she smiled. The envelope was not sealed and the document contained very few pages. She skimmed the legal phrases rapidly, then laid the paper down. "It was made some years ago. Quite straightforward. Legacies to the servants. All the rest between her brother-in-law, her nephew and her two dear nieces. Couldn't be simpler. And if any one of us dies, the money is split between the remaining."

Tom yawned. "Fair enough," he said. "I thought secret drawers produced surprises. But this is only what I expected."

"Why should you expect it?" asked Barbara.

"You sound very acid, my dear," said Janet as she replaced (*Continued on page* 64)

they'll go
mad over you
when they
"SEE RED"
FASHION'S PROVOCATIVE NEW RED
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want to
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the envelope in the drawer. "Who else would she leave it to?"

"A cats' home," said Barbara shrugging her shoulders. "Or a society for the promotion of kindness to daffodils."

"Nonsense!" said the Colonel. "Your aunt is a very sensible woman. I'm off to bed. Good night."

"So am I. Are you coming, Janet?"

THE three younger members of the household went off to play golf next day. The Colonel fussed about his hostess like an old hen. "Deuced sorry about these headaches." He was carrying a glass half full of a white mixture. "I always carry these things round with me, Effie. Dissolve them in water. Wonderfully curative. Got them in Afghanistan. Witch doctor chap. Try it!"

To please him she sipped a little, shuddering as she did so.

"Drink it down," he pleaded. "Fix you up in no time."

She shook her head but drank a little more. "Leave the glass, Charles. I might finish it."

Janet sat with her in her room for a while after tea. "I've brought my second cup to have with you, if I may, and a fresh cup for you. Do keep me company."

"I had my tea early," said her aunt, "but these headaches seem to make me very thirsty and I'm delighted to have another cup. But this tastes a little odd. Didn't Maria make you the China tea?"

"Barbara always likes a mixture," said Janet. "She may have asked Maria to put in half Indian."

"Well, I don't think I'll finish it. Did you see anyone you knew on the course?"

"Oh do please drink the tea. It is so beautifully hot." She put the cup into her aunt's hands again. "We saw the retired admiral. What's his name? He was having lunch at the club house."

"He doesn't play any more," said Miss Claremount, sipping the tea. "He has a very delicate heart. So worrying for his wife. She's been told he may die suddenly at any moment. But they carry on as usual, of course. They are coming to the little party tomorrow evening. You'll find them both charming."

They were all so solicitous for her at dinner that she had a momentary attack of conscience about her new will. But she had given the matter great thought recently and the medical mission seemed more deserving than the four people dining with her. It was difficult to think clearly tonight. The headache was lasting longer than usual. She poured them some coffee and then went to bed. "I'm a poor hostess," she apologized. "I hope you are not very bored. Tomorrow there will be the party. I know I can count on you to help me with it."

"Don't you worry, Aunt Effie. You can leave it all to us."

MISS CLAREMOUNT made a great effort and got up on Saturday to do the flowers. The drawing-room looked lovely. Tom and the girls mixed the drinks early. Tom got Barbara to himself while Janet went to change. "The old girl is definitely crocking up. Pity. She is a nice old thing. But I must say if she has to go, a quarter of her estate will be very welcome."

"She is a comparatively young woman," said Barbara, her hand on the stopper of the sherry decanter.

"Oh, I don't mean she is popping off this week or next," he said hastily. "But now we know for certain how things are, I wondered if on the strength of it you could lend me something? Things are a bit tricky just now but with this excellent security——"

"I teach," said Barbara coldly. "My salary keeps me. Just. It doesn't stretch to include expensive luxuries."

He bowed to her. "The expensive luxury withdraws. Aren't you going to change?"

"I am," she said. "Is it safe to leave you alone with the drinks?"

"My head is as hard as your heart," he said lightly.

Miss Claremount was first down but Tom soon followed her and then the doorbell rang. "Are you sure you feel fit enough for the fray, Aunt Effie?"

She smiled at him. "I'm recovering, thank you," and went to greet the first arrivals.

The party was soon going extraordinarily well. Miss Claremount was a charming hostess and her guests were evidently accustomed to enjoying themselves in her house.

Half-way through the evening an elderly gentleman and his wife arrived. "Why, it's the Admiral!" said Miss Claremount. "I was afraid you were not coming."

"We love your parties," said his wife, "and, of course, we wouldn't miss one. But a caller held us up."

Miss Claremount introduced them to her brother-in-law and then crossed the room to Tom. "Aunt Effie!" He was full of cheerfulness. "I don't believe you have had a drink all evening. Now let me mix you a special!"

"Well, a very mild one, please. There are two more guests. Orange squash, Tom, for Lady Binter and something nice for the Admiral. Do you think he would enjoy this drink you've mixed for me?"

"That for an Admiral!" Tom's voice was overloud and the sailor advanced towards them. "Oh no, Aunt Effie. That's for you. Pink gin for the Admiral or I should be very surprised."

"Someone taking my name in vain?"

"You haven't met my nephew, Tom Raymond. He pretends to be very knowledgeable about drinks. He has just mixed this one for me but I wish you would take it over. I'm like your wife, you know. I really prefer orange squash."

"I wouldn't have that, sir," said Tom hastily. "It is just a bit of nonsense for the ladies."

"My hard drinking days are over," said the Admiral. "This is probably just about my mark."

"Tom," said his father, a hand on his arm, "I want to introduce you . . ." Tom continued to stare at the Admiral drinking. The boy has a glassy look, thought the Colonel. Probably could do with a little fresh air. "I want you to meet someone," he said urgently. "Other side of the room." Tom followed him obediently.

Miss Claremount took a salted almond. "I think," she said to herself, "people are enjoying the party."

"My dear," said Lady Binter quietly, "I know you will forgive me, but my husband feels unwell. I'm always a little anxious. I think I will take him home."

"My chauffeur is here," said Miss Claremount. "Maria, ask William to bring the car round quickly. I'm so very sorry."

They had sandwiches round the fire when the last of the guests had gone.

"A pity that three of you have such an early start tomorrow," said Miss Claremount, "but the Sunday train service is very poor. William will drive you to the station. I shall say good-bye tonight as I may not be up in the morning."

"I shall be off early too," said Barbara. "I'm sorry I can't give anyone a lift but I'm going to spend Sunday with a friend."

"I prefer travelling by train," said Janet. "It is more restful."

On the whole I don't think I like them any better, thought Miss Claremount.

"How are you feeling?" asked the Colonel.

"Tired," she answered. "If you will excuse me, I think I shall go to bed."

They rose to their feet. "Sleep well," they bade her, emphatically.

As she went through the hall the telephone rang. It was her doctor, an old friend. "The Admiral?" she repeated. "But it can't be! He was here an hour or two ago. Oh, I know you've told me he might go off at any moment. But I can hardly believe it. Poor Lady Binter! I'll go and see her in the morning. Thank you for telling me. Goodnight."

She lay awake a long time. But with the early morning sleep came heavily and she did not hear the cars leaving the house.

Maria brought her a breakfast tray. She told her about the Admiral. "I must get up, Maria, and go to Lady Binter."

"Poor soul! She will be glad to see you. But have your breakfast first." Maria poured out the tea and Miss Claremount sipped it gratefully.

"Thank you, Maria. How delicious! It is a strange thing, Maria, but I haven't enjoyed anything so much for days."

END

Plant Winter Flowers (*Continued from page* 32)

perfectly hardy for outdoors and equally easy to grow in pots is *Cyclamen Atkinsi*, which throws up carmine butterfly-like flowers throughout the winter. Just press the corm into the soil when planting, don't cover it. The variety *Atkinsi album* has sweetly perfumed white flowers. It is more expensive, but plant one in the midst of the others to add fragrance to colour. Or if you want a bright carmine-pink flower, try the species Coum which comes from the mountains of Greece and flowers from January until the end of March.

The autumn and winter flowering crocuses deserve to be more widely grown for the gay splash of colour they make. The white, striped purple blooms of the *crocus biflorus* from the Mediterranean shores, appear during January. It is so cheap it can be planted, as it should be, in masses. Equally lovely is the bright oranged flowered Candidus, but most outstanding of all is the *Crocus Imperati*, which produces splended purple flowers with crimson anthers throughout January. Mix with them the clear yellow majestic *crocus chrysanthus*, E. A. Bowles and Warley Whites, and the dull days from January to March will be bright with flowers of the most vivid colours. All do well indoors.

In a bed near the kitchen door, plant the musk-scented grape hyacinth so that you can enjoy the rich perfume whenever the door is opened. Its formidable garden name is *Muscari moschatum flavum*. It has small purple and yellow flowers, but plant it for the sake of its perfume alone, for flower scents are rare in winter and therefore all the more precious. Put with it a few roots of polyanthus Barrowby Gem which bears large heads of clearest yellow flowers through late winter and early spring, and also have a most delightful woodland perfume. This is the hardiest of all the members of the primrose family. A stem or two cut and taken indoors will fill the room with woodlapd scent. This is the plant for filling a window-box, especially one which receives little sunshine

Several of the late winter flowering saxifrages, usually planted between crazy paving stones and as path borders, are seen at their best as indoor plants. My method is to plant several round the sides of a seed pan during November. After planting, the compost is covered with shingle and the pan placed near a window. The saxifrage will bloom throughout January and February and makes a most attractive table centrepiece at a time when cut flowers are so expensive. But it must be emphasized that the saxifrage, and indeed all the plants mentioned, will not stand forcing. They bloom outdoors during mid-winter and so by nature will bloom indoors only under the coolest condition. A window away from any central heating is the best place for them.

One variety of the saxifrage family, ideal for indoors, is *S. Grisebachii*, which forms dainty flat crimson shaded rosettes and bears sprays of attractive purple flowers. It is in bloom early in the New Year. Another is Grace Fardell, which has tiny sprays of rich wine coloured flowers. If you like pink flowers try *S. Kellereri*.

Lovers of primroses will like to try *Primula Winteri*, from the Himalayas, which throughout January and February produces a profusion of neat lilac coloured flowers made more attractive by the peculiar meal or dust (really minute hairs) on its leaves.

All the plants mentioned should be planted between mid-October and late November.

END

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Hearts Never Break (*Continued from page 12*)

"I'll bet it's her," Ken said, and when the song was finished the announcer said:

"Thanks a lot, Claire Browne. And now Johnny Heath and the band——"

"Johnny Heath?" Jane said. "Is that the band leader she married?"

"No." Ken was looking through the evening paper; he was hidden behind the outspread pages. "I read somewhere that they'd been divorced. It didn't last very long."

"Maybe he was only second choice," Jane said.

Ken looked over the top of the paper at her. "What do you mean?"

Jane pushed the papers aside and sat on his knee. "I mean, you were probably her first choice. But when you didn't ask her to marry you, she settled for the band leader. I'm glad you didn't ask her."

"Why?" Ken said. "As if I didn't know."

"Do you think she would have said no?"

"I don't know." He grinned. "I'm pretty irresistible, aren't I?"

She answered him without words.

They heard Claire several times after that, and they laughed about her attempts to sound like Dinah Shore. It was always Jane who made the remark, but Ken never hesitated to laugh.

Then they found the apartment, in the upper West Seventies, and Jane's bouts of loneliness slowly came less frequently. She settled down, began to think American, to build the solid establishment that was to be their life together.

The life that was now finished, and all the defences it had brought finished with it. Loneliness had come back with a vengeance, and she was done with New York, with America, and most of all with Ken.

IN the morning it was raining. She had lain awake all night, remembering the past, trying to plan the future, and when day came it was grey and wet and miserable. The wind keened in the street outside and rain flung itself in hard gusts against the window. Well, that was how it went. Ken would be in Chicago now, riding in from the airport through a beautiful day to have breakfast with that Claire. And here in New York she would be breakfasting alone.

She should never have come here in the first place—she should have insisted that they live in Australia. Ken could have easily found a job out there. And he would have been nowhere near Claire. . . .

After lunch she went downtown. The wind whipped at her and the rain stung her face, but she ignored it, walking with her head held high in defiance of it. At the corner of State Street she asked a woman where the shipping company was, but the woman just snapped "Dunno," and walked on. Oh, these rude, unfriendly, arrogant Yanks! Suddenly she hated America, and she almost ran towards the shipping office when she saw its sign on the big plate windows across the street.

"To Australia?" The clerk shook his head pityingly, as if he were talking to a small, dumb schoolgirl. "We're booked out for the next twelve months."

"Oh, you can't be!" He must be joking; Americans had a funny sense of humour. "There can't be *that* many people waiting to go out there!"

"It's not the great number of people," the clerk said. "It's the small number of ships. There are nowhere near as many ships on the Pacific run now as there were before the war."

"Why is that?" Jane said. "I thought we were supposed to be friendly countries? Don't they want us to get together? I'm always reading about American efficiency—can't you build ships?"

"Madam," the clerk said. "I only work here. The directors decide the policy."

"There's no need to be rude," Jane said.

"That wasn't the intention, madam," the clerk said. "I wish I *could* help you——"

"I'm sorry," she said, and felt the blush of shame; she had never been like this before, and suddenly she felt helpless and ready to weep. "I just want to get home——"

"I know how it is," the clerk said. "I was like that in Germany when the war ended. I thought everyone was plotting to keep me from coming home."

"Isn't there anywhere else I can try?" All the way downtown the feeling for home had been growing stronger; it had seemed to be just around the corner, and all that was needed to get there was to buy a ticket. "I can't wait twelve months——"

"Most of the other shipping companies are in the same position as ourselves," the clerk said. "Why don't you try the airlines? It's much easier there——"

"Thank you," she said. "I'm sorry I was so rude."

"It's all right," he said. "I hope you enjoyed your stay in America. But there's no place like home, is there?"

As she stepped out of the building the rain hit her in the face. She shut her eyes, and stepped blindly into the path of the hurrying woman.

"For goodness sake!" The woman put her hand against the wall of the building to stop herself from falling. "Why don't—Jane! What on earth are you doing downtown, and on a day like this?"

"Hallo Ruth." Ruth Fineman and her husband Ted lived in the next block to the Stevensons. Ted was a pilot with American National, the same airline as Ken, and over the past year the four had become very friendly. "I—I've just been inquiring about a ship to Australia."

"Are you going home?" Ruth said. "When did you dream this up? You haven't said a word——"

"Oh it's nothing. We just thought we might make the trip one day. I haven't seen my mother for quite a while——"

"No, I guess it's tough," Ruth said. "I'm lucky that Mom lives just up in the Bronx. It's a comfort to have your mother that close, just in case you have a baby or a family squabble. Anyhow, what the heck are we standing here in the rain for? Come on, I've got the car just around the corner. I've been paying Ted's insurance for him." She pulled her rain-hood farther over her face. "It's weather like this makes me keep the payments up to date. I'm glad he's not flying today. Is Ken?"

"Yes," Jane said. "He's bringing the four o'clock flight back from Chicago this afternoon."

"Well, maybe the weather out there will be too bad to let him get off," Ruth said. "If the flight is grounded, he'll be safe enough."

"Yes," Jane said, and thought of Claire.

"Are you going anywhere in particular?" Ruth said, as she swung the car away from the kerb. "How about coming shopping with me? I have to go to Macy's and a couple of other places. Then I'll drive you home."

Jane had no urge to battle the crowds in the stores, nor did she feel much desire for Ruth's company. She opened her mouth to utter some weak excuse, but Ruth had already gone on talking. Nobody ever answered Ruth's questions, and Ruth never expected them to.

"Ted's home in bed. We were at a party last night, didn't get home till five this morning, and he said he wasn't going to get up at all today. I don't know why I married the lug. When he isn't away flying, he's home sleeping. Is Ken like that? No, I don't think he would be. He strikes me as being the considerate type. You're lucky, you know, Jane. Sometimes—oh, I don't know. Do you ever have any fights?"

Ruth didn't wait for an answer. She gabbled on as she swung the car through the midtown traffic, as she led the way through Macy's, and as they drove up Central Park West and turned into the street where the two couples lived. She brought the car to a halt, and Jane thought: At last I can go in and be alone again.

Ruth turned round in the seat and faced her. "Look, Jane——"

"Thanks for the lift," Jane said, and went to open the car door. "I'll call you soon."

Ruth put a hand on Jane's arm. "Hold on. Look, I know I've been chattering all afternoon like one of those dumb dames on the radio. I've been giving myself earache. But I've been trying to keep your mind off it. You've been so darned quiet. You're worrying about it, aren't you?"

Jane turned back slowly and looked at her. "Worrying about what? Has Ken told you?"

"Told me what?" But that was another question Ruth didn't want answered. She went on: "I know how it is when Ted's flying in rough weather. I can't sleep. I get up and walk about the apartment and keep calling the airport—but it doesn't help. All the worrying, I mean." She shrugged. "Still, I guess you can't tell a woman not to worry. That's one of the things we were made for. Especially in cases like this."

Jane was still thinking of Chicago and Claire. "Cases like what?"

Ruth leaned forward, puzzled and concerned. "What's the matter with you, Jane? Are you sick or something?"

Jane made an effort and banished the thought of Claire. She looked out of the car, saw the driving rain, heard the angry whine of the wind, then suddenly something clicked. She looked back at Ruth with frightened eyes. "But they wouldn't let him off in this weather! They couldn't—no plane could come down in that!"

"It would come down, all right. But not the way the pilot would want it to come down." Ruth patted Jane's arm. "But it'll be like I said. They won't let him leave. Come on, let's go in and phone LaGuardia." But when Jane got to the phone she couldn't remember the airport number.

"Here, I'll get it for you." Ruth took the phone and gave Jane a push. "Put some coffee on. You look as if you could do with it."

JANE went into the kitchen and put the percolator over the gas. She looked out of the small window at the darkening day, at the rain hammering like shot against the panes, and wondered where she wanted Ken to be—on his way home through the storm or in Chicago with Claire. She went back to the living-room as Ruth put down the phone.

"He's on his way in," Ruth said. "He's an hour out of LaGuardia, and he's got to come in there. Every other airport in the east is closed down by the weather."

"But why on earth did they let him take off?" Jane could feel panic taking hold of her; Claire seemed suddenly a small danger beside the storm outside.

"It's one of those things," Ruth said. "It was clear weather at Chicago and the report said it would be clear by the time he arrived here. But the storm twisted back on itself."

Jane sank into a chair, weak and hollow. Losing Ken to another woman was one thing, but losing him to. . . . She shook her head, trying not to think even of the word. She had been through this before. Those years of the war after they were married, the winter of '47–48, last summer when the electrical storms had been so bad. But today it all seemed so much worse. Last night had taken all her strength and resistance, and now she had not even enough for hope. She lay back in the chair and began to weep.

"Take it easy, honey." Ruth pressed her shoulder. "There's the coffee! I'll get you a cup."

Jane sat with her eyes closed. She had lost Ken before he had gone off on the first leg of this flight, had cut herself off from him and wound up their life together, but now more than anything else she wanted to see him again. It would be only to say goodbye, to tell him she was going home, but the main thing would be seeing him safe and well. She still loved him, she knew that now. That wasn't finished. Only their marriage had come to an end.

Ruth came back into the room with two cups of coffee. "Drink this and then I'll drive you out to LaGuardia."

Jane looked up. "To LaGuardia? Why?"

"Because you'll want to be there when he sets down," Ruth (*Continued on page 68*)

Date with Destiny

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said, and Jane knew all at once she was right.

They drove through the wild, black night across the Queensboro Bridge and out to the airport. Jane sat in the waiting-room while Ruth went into the office of American National. The waiting-room was crowded with passengers from the grounded flights, but Jane was alone in her fear, digging her nails into her palms, trying not to think until Ken walked in that door safe and well.

"Another ten minutes," Ruth said, coming back. "He's on course, and they're going to try and bring him in."

Ken with his lazy smile, with his kindness and thoughtfulness, his pretence of being her lover instead of her husband. . . . They could start all over again, if only he came back.

"This is the worst part," Ruth said. "These last few minutes. You feel so helpless—there's nothing you can do."

"He's got to come back," Jane said softly. She looked up at Ruth. "He's just got to, Ruth. We had a row——"

"Something like this always turns up when you've had a fight," Ruth said. "Always when you've just squabbled, you need each other more than you've needed each other before. I know, honey. I've had it happen to me."

"This was our first," Jane said. She was talking as much to herself as to Ruth, accusing herself. "It was so silly. But I kept thinking about it all yesterday afternoon. I found the envelope with her name on it, and I just kept thinking about her and what she'd been to him—before he met me—and by the time he came home. . . ." She looked up at Ruth. "I didn't give him a chance. I built it all up in my mind, and didn't give him a chance. . . ."

"Another girl?" Ruth said. "I can't give you any advice on that, Jane. I haven't had it happen to me. But it could. It can happen to any woman so long as there's another woman in the world. And we'd all probably act the same way as you did. I wouldn't bet on my being sane and modern about it if some other dame ran off with Ted."

Jane looked down at her watch, nothing of her moving but the agonizingly slow minute-hand, everything within her tightened to a core of painful fear. Abruptly she stood up. "Let's go outside!"

The rain was an array of bright stabbing lances in the airport's lights. It drummed on their raincoats and splintered on the ground about them. The wind was an invisible giant, ripping the night to shreds, trying to swipe them off their feet.

"There it is!" Ruth cried, and the words were whipped away like celluloid balls.

Faintly through the storm came the drone of a plane. Jane stood leaning against the wind, staring up into the darkness that stung her eyes, and her lips were moving in soundless prayer. The plane went over the field, its motors roaring like some lost and angry animal, and was gone again in the wild night.

"Please God," Jane said, but the words died in the wind. "Bring him back."

Then the plane was coming down. They heard the engines, saw the swiftly approaching lights, then the giant craft was touching down. It bounced, the wind caught it, it seemed to hang in the air for one long awful moment, then it was down again and rolling smoothly down the runway.

"I'll wait for you inside," Ruth said, and squeezed Jane's arm. "Go get him, honey."

Jane met Ken as he came down the steps from the plane. He opened his arms and she went into them with a rush. She clung to him and kissed him, and in the pressure of his lips on hers was all that she needed to know. She had been wrong, wrong about so many things: judging him without listening to him, hating Americans when there were such wonderful people as Ruth, wanting to go home to Australia when home was where Ken was, and it didn't matter if it were Australia, America or Afghanistan.

"Ken darling, I'm sorry. I've been mean and hateful——"

"No," he said. "I should have told you about her in the first place. There wasn't anything between us, like I said, but I should have told you——"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "It's all over now."

"I was praying all the way in," he said. "I had to get back okay for a double reason. I couldn't have gone out knowing we'd finished up with a fight." Then he grinned, trying to allay her fears for the future. "But we Stevensons always were lucky. I'll probably die in my bed on our diamond wedding day."

With their arms linked they walked through the storm towards the bright lights of the waiting-room.

END

Meet Mesdames (*Continued from page* 15)

include a lobster tart (guiche de homard), fillet de sole au curry, and magnificent fruit soufflés. I suggest, too, the glaces aux fraises. "What!" you exclaim, "strawberry ice?" Ah, but this is not as other strawberry ices.

A restaurant of completely different character is run by Louisette Vergez called "*Louisette la Basquaise*" on the *Quai des Grands-Augustins*, virtually at the Place St. Michel in the Latin Quarter.

Louisette, a woman with an irrepressible sense of humour, simply cannot get over the fact that for several years now her simple little restaurant, where you could always eat well, has become a fashionable resort for film stars and society, who crowd in and stand in queues for tables.

"They must be bored with too much luxe," says Louisette, with a guffaw of laughter. "I tu-toyer them, make them sit on barrels when the chairs run out and bustle them out to make room for others—but still they come."

Louisette started her career as a washer-up on board a steamer—as tough a job as one can imagine for a woman. In this manner she went round the world. But she wanted to cook, and finally was able to open a tiny restaurant near the Paris stockyards at Vaugirard.

Naturally enough, her specialities are Basque although curiously her very able chef Georges Pinel has spent much of his life as a Master Chef at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, and the Imperial, New Delhi. Louisette likes to cook, too, but now, she admits ruefully, most of her work is done "avec la langue" exchanging badinage with the customers and telling stories.

As different from Louisette as is Judy Canova from Helen Hayes is quiet and dignified *Madame Gafner*, who runs an impeccable restaurant in the *rue Dauphine* also on the Left Bank of the Seine. Born in Champagne, Madame Gafner is the daughter of a long line of hoteliers and married one of four brothers, one of whom was maître d'hôtel of Chez Maxim for twenty years, another of whom was a director of the Palais de la Méditerranée, and all of whom were important in the restaurant field.

Madame Gafner goes every day at seven a.m. to the market to do the shopping and buys only for the day. What she serves is only of the finest. One day I asked her waiter how long a duck should be cooked for "Caneton aux Ananas." "Thirty minutes," he said. "Twenty-eight," said Madame Gafner from the back of the room. "For *my* ducks—only twenty-eight."

Another speciality of Madame Gafner is her delectable mousse au chocolat. Formerly she used also to pride herself on her "Côte de Veau au Coeur de Palmiers," but palm hearts are now so expensive that she has struck this dish off her menus. "I do not like my clients to have too big a bill," she said.

Madame Gafner claims that it takes ten hours to reduce stock to its proper consistency and to prepare the bases of sauces. Hers is a restaurant in which you find more Frenchmen than foreigners, and those are the restaurants I prefer to seek out.

IF you take a northbound No. 66 bus from the Opera and get off at its terminus, the Place Charles Fillion, you will be within one hundred yards of *Chez Gorisse*, 84, *rue Nollet*—an unpretentious and inexpensive little restaurant with a reputation that outstrips its furnishing and location. This well-deserved reputation stemmed originally from some journalists who lived nearby, but has grown gradually by word of mouth. Madame Marie Gorisse, dark, stout and motherly, comes from Pau in the Béarn and has had her restaurant for eighteen years.

She does all the cooking. M. Gorisse looks after the cellar.

The Gorisse specialities are omelette Béarnaise, and coquille St. Jacques—and two "plats du jour" every day of the week except Monday, when the restaurant is shut. Madame is at the Batignolles market every morning at seven, and works till midnight.

If a restaurant near a Stock Exchange has a good name, you can be sure that the food is particularly good, for stockbrokers are usually both sufficiently wealthy and self-indulgent to demand something special in the way of menus. *Aux Petits Pères*, or *Chez Yvonne* as it is generally known, in the *rue Notre Dame des Victoires* is such a place. Yvonne, a good-looking woman in her forties, has owned this restaurant now for six years.

It was virtually a snack bar when she bought it; but today, it has a permanently reserved table (marked by a brass plate) for "Prince Curnonsky," in other words—Monsieur Maurice Sailland, the king of Parisian gastronomes. The restaurant's name originates from the monastery that formerly occupied the site across the street, and is known for the excellence of oeufs en meurette, truite aux amandes, rognons de veau sur brioche (not "en broche"), and riz de veau braisé au Porto, its tournedos Béarnaises and its côte Chaumière (a côte de veau à la crème).

Yvonne works in close collaboration with her chef Charles Holtzman, an Alsatian, with whom she has worked for twelve years. Recently, the highly selective Michelin Guide added a star to its rating of this restaurant.

Taverne Nicolas Flamel in the *rue de Montmorency* off the Boulevard de Sébastopol is rather hard to find. The Taverne is the oldest house and inn in Paris. It dates from 1407. Flamel, it seems, was an alchemist-philanthropist who conducted experiments in the cellar and ran a soup-kitchen for the poor on the ground floor. Always an inn, it has been a reputed restaurant for sixty-five years. Today, it is owned by a Monsieur and Madame Salvi, who took it over, already a success, twenty years ago. Madame Salvi does all the cooking, because, as M. Salvi modestly puts it, "She is a better 'finisher' than I am and an incomparable sauce-maker." If you dine at the Nicolas Flamel, it is Madame Salvi who will take your order and then bustle into the tiny kitchen to cook it half seen through the open door.

This is not a cheap restaurant, but a superb one, and by no means as costly as many where you fare much less well. Put yourself in Madame Salvi's hands and she will feed you royally and take care not to run you up too big a bill. M. Salvi will counsel you on wine and tell you that it is foolish to buy vintage wines at £1 a bottle or more when there are fine Sancerres, Fleuries, or Morgons at much less.

In the course of this survey of women-run restaurants in Paris (and this is but a cross-section for there are, of course, others), I found that all the women concerned spent their free (or "closed") day doing the same thing—sampling the cuisine of other restaurants! I asked each which restaurant in Paris was her favourite. All named two or three; but one name kept cropping up—that of the *Escargot-Montorgueli* in the *rue Montogueil* near the Halles. The Escargot is run by a man, Monsieur François Lespinas. *But its fame was created by a woman—La Mère Lecomte* who ran it until 1918.

END

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One-third Gin
Stir well with ice.
Strain and serve with olive in glass.

Forbidden Fruit (*Continued from page 18*)

future," I lied. "The present is enough for me. Besides, Mark won't always be stuck in this one-horse place," I went on scornfully. "He's destined for bigger things. He's going to be famous. He's going to the West End one day, when his chance comes."

"Don't you suppose everybody, every actor believes that?" said my mother quickly. "But how few of them ever get there!"

"Nag, nag, nag!" I blazed.

"It's only your happiness I'm thinking of, darling. . . ."

"Then leave me alone!" I burst out passionately. "Let me live my own life! You can't live it for me!"

I flung off to bed, but not before I saw my mother turn away with a pathetic gesture of utter despair and defeat.

THERE were two letters for me next morning. One was a reminder about my overdue library subscription. The other was a frightening letter threatening legal proceedings if I didn't settle an outstanding account for five pounds.

That night, after the show, I asked Mark if he could pay back a little of the money I had lent him.

"Darling, no can do," he said. "I'm absolutely broke till pay day." Then he added quite contentedly, "What are you having to drink, darling?" (We were up in the bar above the theatre now.)

"Well . . . if you haven't any money how . . .?"

"Put it on the slate. It's easy." He turned to the barman. "Two gins-and-tonics, please Jim. Large ones. And don't forget the lemon."

"But Mark——!" I protested.

"Now don't fash, sweetheart," he said gaily. "Don't display your small-town inhibitions. You worry too much. You want to live grandly while you can because you'll be dead an awfully long time. Cheers." He tipped the shallow glass of bubbling silvery liquid, then said gravely, "They're casting *Ransomed* in London next week. I had a letter from my agent. He's trying to get me an audition. Three months on tour then open in the West End. . . ." His deep, rich voice was hushed with reverence. His eyes looked beyond me to a future glittering with success and achievement. "It would only be a small part if I get it, just a few lines. But it would be with the top people . . . and that counts."

"Oh, darling . . ." I breathed. "I hope it comes off!" For we could leave here and go away together, and Mark could get his separation from Cathy legalized and we could be married.

Mark raised his glass in a toast. "Here's hoping, anyway."

It wasn't till much later that I remembered the money he owed me. Then I smiled. Mark was right. I did worry too much. It was only that I'd never been in debt before and I supposed I took the small-towner's view of it; whereas Mark, who lived for bigger things, who could rise above these petty irritations, could snap his fingers at them. One day he would be big enough to laugh at five pounds. Anyone could see that.

A few days later we met for lunch in one of the cafés near the cathedral.

"Hallo, darling!" I greeted Mark joyously, feeling that miraculous, secret closeness our every re-union evoked.

"Wish me luck!" he said excitedly. "I've heard from my agent. He's fixed the audition and I'm going to London on Thursday!"

It was wonderful news. We were intoxicated by it. We held hands under the tablecloth and planned a marvellous, glittering future. Then suddenly Mark sobered.

"Dangerous talk," he said seriously. "I don't suppose for a moment I'll get a part."

"Oh, but you will, darling! I'm sure of it!"

He smiled at me with tender amusement. "If it was anything to do with you, I'd get the lead, I know that," he said.

That night I just couldn't keep the news to myself.

"You look ready to burst," said my mother, as I ate my supper before rushing off to the theatre.

"It's Mark!" I blurted out triumphantly. "He's got a chance of a part in a West End show!"

"Oh?"

"Mother darling," I cried reproachfully, "is that all you can say? Oh?"

"Well, I'm pleased about it, in a way, and I hope he gets it. But I wouldn't bank on it, darling."

Her scepticism irritated me. She was prejudiced against Mark whatever he did.

"Oh, he's pretty certain to get a part," I said recklessly. "He's wasted here in this dump."

I saw I'd hurt her, but I just couldn't help myself. Why couldn't she rejoice in our luck, Mark's and mine?

It turned out that I hadn't been over-optimistic about Mark's chances. He went to London on the Thursday and came back on the six o'clock train in time for that night's show. I skipped tea in order to meet him. I needn't have asked him how he got on. Everything about him spelled success. All his movements had a new briskness, as though he knew now where he was going.

"I had to read from the script, stone cold," he said as we hurried to the theatre. "Then they asked me all sorts of questions about what I'd done, what parts I'd played, what shows I'd been in. Then they had a bit of a discussion while I waited in another room—my fingers were crossed so tightly I practically dislocated them!—and then they told me I'd got the part of 'Walter.'"

"I knew! I *knew*!" I said ecstatically.

"It's a marvellous part. Small but very showy, and with one superb exit line that should be good for a round played my own way."

WE were almost at the theatre by now, and suddenly I was happy and afraid all at once. "When do you—leave?" I said.

"As soon as possible. I'm giving in my notice to this lousy outfit right away."

He was already beyond the limited scope of this town. Mentally, spiritually and professionally he had shaken its dust from his feet.

"I see." We were at the stage door by now. "Well, congratulations again, darling. I knew you'd do it."

I saw him frown, almost as though irritated, then he kissed me briefly, impulsively. "Darling, would you mind awfully if we skipped meeting after the show tonight?"

Cold fingers stretched out over my heart—and squeezed. "Why . . . no. . . ." I faltered.

"Only it's rather taken it out of me, the journey up and back and the excitement, and now I've got to go on in this ghastly show tonight. I thought I'd get back to my digs and have an early night."

Relief surged through me, leaving me weak. How sensible Mark had become, as if this new status had made him suddenly aware of his responsibilities towards himself.

"Of course I understand," I said warmly.

"Bless you, darling. And darling?"

"Yes?"

He took both my hands and held them in a tight grip. His voice was husky, intimate. "Just . . . thank you for everything, for believing in me and . . . everything." Then he was gone, and the stage door batted open and shut, and swung a little on its hinges.

Thank you for believing in me. . . .

Only Mark could say a thing like that. Wonderful, wonderful Mark! I sang softly as I hurried home to an evening by the fire darning his socks.

THE following day he wasn't at our café for lunch, but I hadn't really expected him to be. That night, Saturday, the last of that week's play, he was nowhere to be found when the curtain fell. I went up to the bar where the cast usually gathered together for a drink before going home.

"Mark?" said Theodore Basing, the producer. "Do you mean to say he didn't bid you a fond farewell?"

"Farewell?" I was conscious of every eye upon me, of glasses held suspended in mid-air. "But why should he?"

"Why *indeed!*" said someone behind me.

Then I saw it all. "It's a joke," I said.

"It's no joke that he owes me seven quid," grumbled the bar-tender sourly.

Right down inside me, deep in the dark pit where my heart had shrivelled to, I knew that I was wrong. It wasn't a joke.

"He left for London on the ten-fifty," Mr. Basing was saying.

"I say, have a drink," urged Terry Blane who played those tennis-racquet-wielding, clean-limbed young English types that Mark had so despised.

"No—thanks," I managed. I tried to reach the door without running. As it closed behind me I heard Terry Blane say anxiously, "Think I ought to see her home? Poor kid, she looks knocked flat. . . ."

But it isn't true! It isn't true! I sobbed as I ran hard across the Close to the other end of the town where Mark's lodgings were. "Oh, God!" I prayed, "Let him be there! He'll explain it all! He'll make it all right!"

The houses were all alike, small Victorian, a long row of them. I found number twenty-seven and hammered on the front door. A thin woman in carpet slippers and hair curlers opened it an inch. "Yes? What is it?"

"Mr. Barrington——?" I began.

"Been gone ten minutes, dear.

"Gone?"

"His wife came and packed up for him. Catching the ten-fifty to London they was."

"His . . . his *wife*?"

"Ah. She's on the stage, too. Walked in here and . . . Hey! Wait a minute, miss . . .!"

The station was back the way I'd come. I ran all the way. Ran and ran till I couldn't breathe for the pain jabbing through me. I pelted down one street, up another, across the square, along the High Street. . . . As I flung myself through the barrier the whistle shrilled and the great express train drew away from the platform. "Mark! *MARK!*" I sobbed.

After that I didn't know where to go. There was nowhere lonely enough. I couldn't go home. I couldn't face my mother. I couldn't face any one. I wanted to die.

I walked about for a long time, hatless, my whole body an aching, roaring hurt. I didn't know where I was going. There was a wooden seat, the sort they put in parks. I sat on it wishing I could cry. If only I could cry I'd feel better. But I couldn't cry. I heard footsteps hurrying through the dark. A man's footsteps. With a wild uprush of illogical hope I turned towards them. . . .

"Are you all right?"

It wasn't Mark. I felt my face fall.

"Sorry if I frightened you. I was rather worried about you. Mind if I sit down?"

I nodded, and the voice went on. "Look, I know there's nothing anybody can say just now. But I just couldn't bear to see you so . . . so . . . stricken. I was afraid you'd do something—well, silly. So I followed you. I guessed you'd go to the station. Well . . . that's all. I'll buzz off now."

I didn't hear the last bit because, mercifully, the flood-gates had burst open and I was sobbing as though I'd never stop. I tried to stop, but it was no use. Afterwards I felt a lot better. I stayed there for a while longer, exhausted, drained of all energy and emotion. Then Terry Blane got a hired car and took me home.

My mother liked Terry right from the start. "Such a nice, open face," she said. "That lovely smile. I'm sure he's going to be a big success one day."

But Terry had other ideas. "London?" he said. "You can keep it. I like it here where there's peace and the trees are really green. Everything is *real* here, and you're not just chasing a shadow."

I looked about me then, and I saw what he meant. There was peace and solidity, and the trees really were green. The winter was over, and the town was beautiful. And for the first time I was really in love.

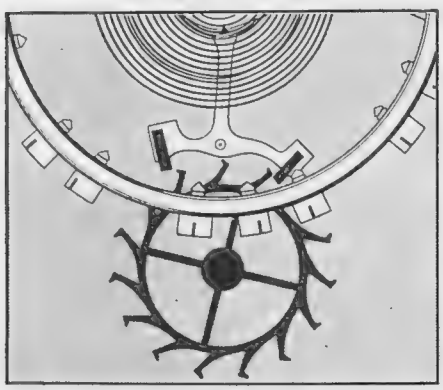
END

He's two men!

THE MAKER of the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a craftsman in the old sense. He has the master craftsman's age-old inherited knack of hand; his endless patience; his refusal to pass the least last detail till it's dead right.

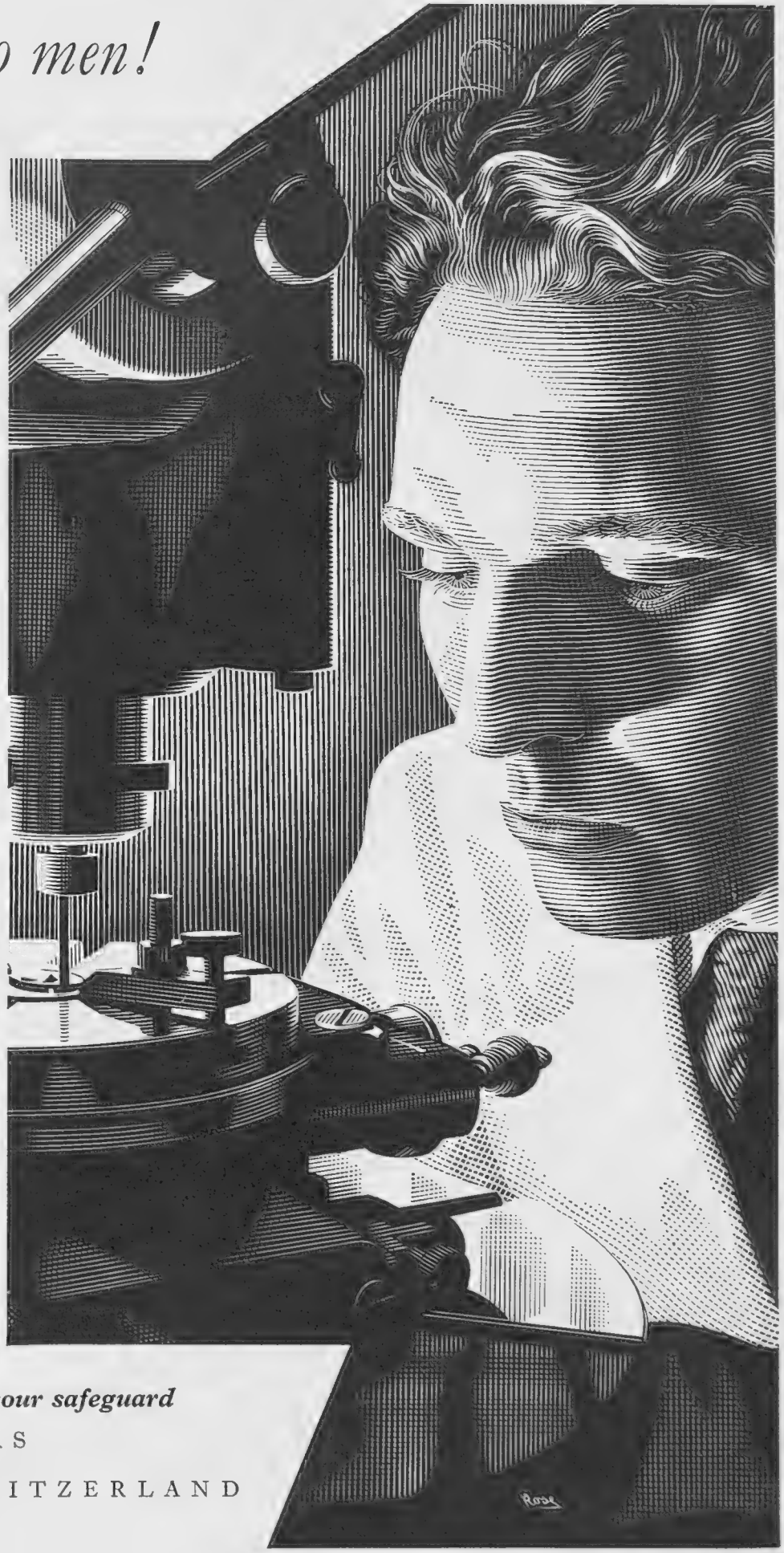
But he's also a technician of the 1950's. When he needs the world's latest watchmaking machinery, it's at his side; using precision tools is second nature to him.

It's thanks to this rare two-sided skill that the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a small masterpiece—a lastingly reliable timekeeper and a thing of beauty. Ask a qualified jeweller to show you these watches and give you expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS

OF SWITZERLAND

Brownie (*Continued from page 38*)

month, looking at me as though that were in some way my fault, he would *like* to get them out the next morning. I need hardly add that it was by now four thirty.

WHAT could I do? I was none too popular at the time, despite the labour shortage. I know when I'm licked and I grimly took the papers and went back to my room. I set to work immediately and by five thirty I had typed one bulletin, had two aspirins and a glass of water, thrown out three dud copies and sat with my aching head in my hot hands for at least fifteen minutes. This was not going to work. I hate to do it, I thought.

I arranged the work and the cream as I had before and crept home. Hot soup, more aspirin, a hot tub and bed. I slept like a log. I must have overslept a little somehow, for when I got to the office young Mary was in there talking intently to our-Miss-Brooklash.

They were so wrapped up in whatever they were discussing that they did not notice me for a second and in that second I saw what it was. Mary was holding a very tiny brown overcoat, quite thick material about the size for a doll, or. . . . And on the desk was a small cap, rather sporty and checked.

"Oh, hallo," said Mary. "Whatever is this, Susie?"

"Why," I said, "that's just a little doll hat and coat I had made for my Cousin Linda's little girl."

Our-Miss-Brooklash carefully folded her lips in for a moment before speaking. "It's very cute, dear," she said.

I examined the coat and cap. They were beautifully made, the coat interlined, and from one of the pockets protruded a pair of hand-stitched pigskin gloves. What on earth? I had no doubt as to the owner, but why?

The typing had been done faultlessly, and all neatly stacked at the side of the desk, except for one bulletin which was finished but still in the machine. There was no note from the Brownie and that puzzled me too.

I was at home that evening again, for even though I had no real cold I still felt wretched and thought I might as well stay in. That was when you were in Edinburgh for a week, and I suppose I had also hoped you would maybe call me or something.

But it was not the telephone that rang, it was the front doorbell. Then the bell to my own flat rang. A ghost, no less, I thought, and went to the front door.

At first I saw nothing. In fact it was only when I heard a very faint, rasping cough from somewhere around my ankles that I looked down. I suppose I ought to have believed that he was real; certainly the work he had done for me had been concrete enough, but I had never actually expected to see him and it completely took my breath away. I stood there gaping at him stupidly and it was only when he gave a violent shiver, that I realized the hallway was freezing cold and he had on only a thin brown cotton suit.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "Do come in."

"Thank you, ma'am," he whispered in a very hoarse little voice.

I stepped back and he walked into the apartment, looking around him.

"Come on in," I said, and he followed me and went over to the fire. He leaned against my footstool and closed his eyes.

"I'm so dreadfully cold," he said, after a few seconds. "Do forgive me. I really came just to get my coat and cap.

"Oh, yes, they're here. I hadn't thought that you would go back to the office—I mean—well, I thought they would be safer here and I am glad you came. How on earth did you find me?"

He smiled at me faintly. "The telephone directory," he said. But even those few words brought on another fit of the terrible racking cough.

"There must be something I can do," I went on, feeling more and more bad for being the cause of his illness. I had no idea then how he had come to leave his hat and coat in my office, but I felt certain that it must be my fault in some way.

"Look here," I said finally, "why don't you stay here? I can make you a bed by the fireplace and then you could sleep here quite cosily till morning. Do stay."

"Well . . ." he hesitated. He looked up at me, seeming to think it over, and then said, "If you are sure it won't be any trouble."

"Not a bit. I'll get some blankets."

"One would really be enough," he said with a smile.

"How silly of me," I laughed, and started out of the room.

But he called to me to come back for he had something to tell me. It seemed that he was only visible from twelve noon to twelve midnight. That is what happened about his coat and hat. He told me, with supreme tact, that he had not been able to work quickly enough on the typing I had left him and just as he had finished the last page, he suddenly became invisible. Travelling rapidly through space back to his own country, with no hat and coat on, in the middle of winter, was no joke and he had caught a cold.

All this was told slowly for he often had to stop to cough and then to catch his breath again. He told me that he would like to stay, but he would only be visible until twelve midnight. Ordinarily he would vanish altogether then but he had obtained permission to stay on earth in spirit in order to cure his cold and he would have to cure it here or. . . . He looked at me out of his big sad brown eyes and stopped speaking. I realized what he was trying to tell me : If he continued with a cold which was obviously trying to turn into pneumonia, he might die here and be unable ever to put on solid flesh and walk on earth as he wished. What could I say?

Naturally, when I woke up the next morning I could not see him, but his earth-bound cough and troubled breathing were very much there.

Suddenly the solution of how to get him medical attention came to me without any difficulty. I would get a monkey skin, pop him into it and summon a veterinary surgeon when he was visible (the Brownie, I mean). Just like that. Easy.

As soon as I had arrived at the office I had the directory open and dialled the number of what seemed to be a large taxidermist. I asked the woman who answered if they had any monkey skins. Well, she didn't know, they had stuffed monkeys, would that do? No, just a skin. The only other taxidermist that looked hopeful or accessible said no, flatly. That was when I thought of Richard.

Don't forget, Bill, you were away—but I'm afraid that is a feeble excuse, for I doubt if I would have called you anyway. If someone were going to help me in this, it had to be someone who didn't ask questions. I know you are not crazy about Richard and sometimes I think you suspect that I feel more for him than that kind of elder-brother-hero-worship feeling I have had for him ever since he became Dad's junior partner.

Be that as it may, I called Richard and asked him if he knew where to get a monkey skin; not from a taxidermist, I had tried that. He thought a minute and then said, "They make some cheap fur coats from them, don't they? I should say a wholesale furrier. Want me to try?"

I told him no, I would do it and he said to call back if there were anything he could do.

The first number I called said they had none and were not very hopeful. Then I struck gold. The man who answered sounded kind, even though I had a suspicion he was shaken to the core by my thinking that they would *ever*. . . . But he told me where I could find plenty of them.

I thanked him profusely and decided that with a fair amount of the morning already gone I had better ask Richard to get it. He was probably busy too, but he only hesitated a minute before saying he would. What size? Fairly small and would he meet me at my flat at ten minutes after twelve with it and did he think he could possibly locate a vet. or someone who knew about monkeys with pneumonia and have him there at twenty minutes after? He said, in as wondering a tone as I have ever heard him use, that he thought he knew a chap at the zoo, and he would ask him.

Richard was waiting outside the front door when I got there. He had a nice little monkey skin with him. I looked at it as we walked upstairs.

When we got to my door, I said, "Look, before we go in. This sounds crazy, but it's true. A couple of times at the office I got behind with my work and I thought of trying to see if Brownies still worked for cream and they do and he did. And then he got a terrible cold, all through my fault, and he came round here for his hat and coat—oh, well, anyhow, he's here and he sounds terribly ill and I thought if we put him in the monkey skin he'd have enough magic to make the skin fit and the zoo man will think. . . ."

"The zoo man will be here before we have him in the skin if we don't hurry," Richard said, calm as calm.

The Brownie had sunk down into the blanket. His breathing sounded very painful but he was conscious enough to turn and look at us. When he saw the monkey skin in Richard's hand, tears filled his eyes and one trickled slowly down the lined, brown cheek.

I let Richard take over, I was sure he would fix the Brownie better and quicker. The bell rang and I went out to press the buzzer. When I came back the Brownie was wrapped in the skin and I saw him shut his eyes tightly and clench his hands as though he were making a great effort. Then, though we didn't see anything, he suddenly *was* the monkey and the skin fitted naturally.

Richard smiled at me. "He did have enough magic," he said.

THE zoo man was an abstracted type and seemed to see nothing unusual in the situation. He examined the Brownie carefully and finally stood up. "He's pretty bad, I'm afraid," he said, and I wished I could tell him that the Brownie could hear perfectly well. He did not seem to notice the fear in the deep-set eyes. "But I think with care you can nurse him through it." He pulled a pad out of his pocket and wrote on it. "Here's a prescription."

The prescription was for drops, and as soon as we'd been to the chemists we gave the Brownie the first dose. He smiled up at us and moved his hand from the covers. I leaned over and touched it with my fingers and he seemed to fall asleep right away. Richard promised to look in on his way home.

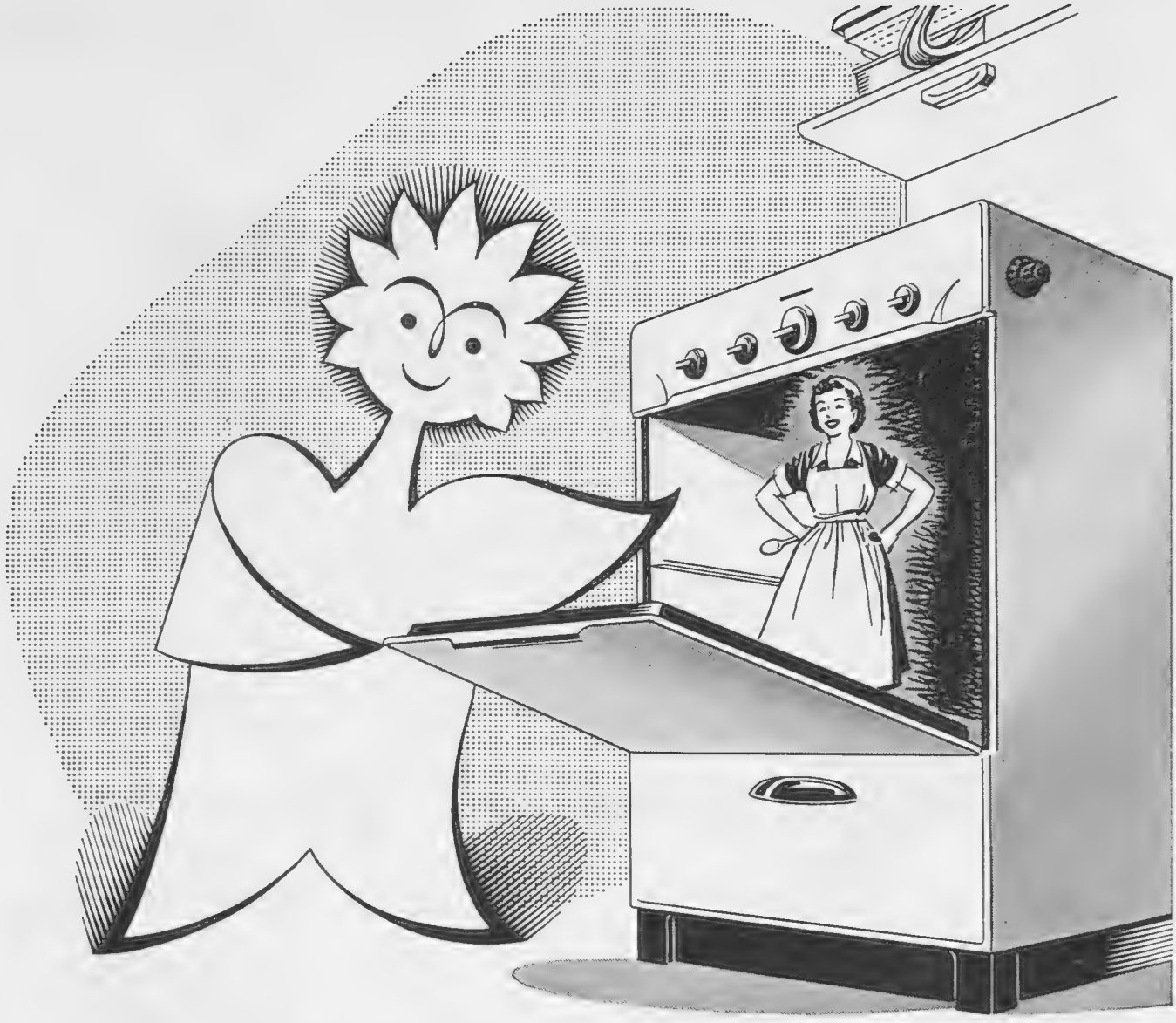
The zoo man came every day for the first four or five days and the Brownie made good progress. Finally he was well enough to be sitting upon a cushion in front of the fire taking an occasional drag on a cigarette. Richard sometimes stopped in on his way home and they would discuss the law, for the Brownie had once worked in a law office.

Then one day, when I had told the Brownie that I might be back a bit later than usual because I had a long job at the office, I came home to find the apartment completely spring-cleaned, all the paint washed, the silver sparkling, and a note pinned on the empty cushion before the fire. It said :

Susan—you don't mind my using your first name, do you? I can never thank you enough for all you have done. Please don't worry about my illness being your fault, for it really wasn't. You know that I shall always be ready to help you out and even if you don't call me, I shall visit you again. Please give my best to Richard. He's a good chap, Susan, and I hope you will always see a lot of him. Of course, I haven't met your Bill.

Very sincerely indeed,
(Signed) Brownie.

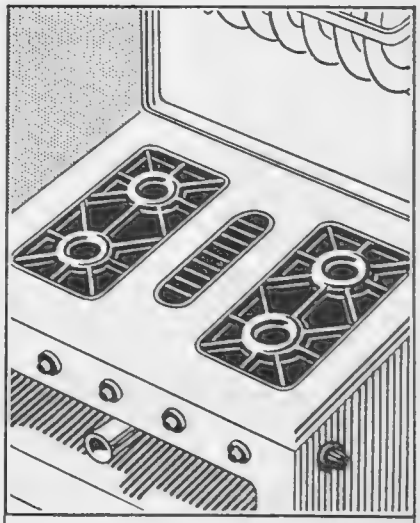
It was the next day that I called you and said I wanted to write this, not talk about it, and you agreed. I cannot blame you for the exasperation in your voice. Perhaps it seems funny that I did not call you as soon as I knew he had gone, and I suppose that is what I should have done. But somehow my first thought was to call Richard. When I told him, he sounded (*Continued on page 74*)



'My New gas cookers have a built-in Cook!' —says Mr.Therm

Think of a cooker with an oven that adjusts its own heat—that can be trusted to look after your dinner while you are looking after the shopping—that will bake your cakes to perfection and roast your joints to a turn. This is what the famous oven heat control fitted to every gas cooker will do. Once you have set the control your oven will stay at precisely the right heat, neither too high nor too low, until it's time to turn it off.

All the new gas cookers are fitted with this trouble-saving device, and many others as well —easy-to-clean burners, quick-heating grills, heat-insulated ovens. In fact the new gas cookers not only do a better and speedier cooking job, but also—compared with many older models—save as much as two therms in every five. There's a splendid choice awaiting you at your gas showrooms.



It's always easy to see exactly how much heat you are using, thanks to Mr.Therm's ever-visible flame.

Good-it's GAS!

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

as though he had the same kind of empty feeling that I had. Then he said he supposed I would be calling you now—you see, I had told him that I hadn't seen you since the Brownie's illness.

I said yes, I would be calling you, but it was going to be awfully hard to explain as I always got so tied up explaining things to you. So he said why not ask you if I could write it all down because he felt sure you would understand it then, for you would have time to think about it. I said that maybe you would be more likely to believe it if you knew Richard had seen the Brownie himself and he said he wasn't so sure of that.

So I have told the story my way and now, looking back, I wonder just a little bit if I was not as much afraid that you would not understand my turning to Richard, and his getting on so well with the Brownie, as that you would not understand the actual existence of the Brownie. But, Bill, I think we would have to be clear on both points. I don't believe it would work out very well for us if either Richard or the Brownie came to see us after we were married, and you hated the sight of *either* of them.

Perhaps I am asking altogether too much, but it seems better to ask it now than later and I hope you will understand. Sue.

* * *

February 15

Dear Bill:

It seems funny that we won't be seeing each other again, but I think you are right that it would only make us both miserable to meet and talk it over any more. Even if you can't understand, I am glad you don't actively disbelieve me. But you are right that it wouldn't work out because it is probably an indication or something.

I've thought over what you said on the telephone about Richard—I believe the Brownie had some such idea, too. Perhaps there is something in what you say, but I certainly didn't realize it and I don't think he has any ideas about me. I shall have to watch my subconscious.

We have had wonderful times together, Bill, and I wish you all the luck in the world. I am sending back your ring and wish just saying that didn't sound so haughty and formal. Sue.

July 8

Brownie:

Hi! Richard and I wondered if you would help send out these invitations. Here is the list of names. On the smaller envelope, which you leave open, you just write the name of the addressees. Then you put it inside the bigger envelope which is addressed in full and sealed. This is an awful lot of work so just do what you can. I'll be home before twelve and will see you, anyway. I left the cream in the refrigerator because it's so hot and I didn't want it to turn. Be seeing you. Richard sends his best. Susan.

END

Wool Beret

(*Continued from page* 48)

Turn in and catch down the last round of crochet on inside to form a headband, using a fairly loose running and back-stitch.

Now model the hat on your head. You will be depressed at first because it will look like a tea-cosy, but there is no need to worry.

For the version we photographed, pull the beret down at the back until it grips your head comfortably. Push the headband up your forehead with both thumbs, pulling down the front to suit you and form a peak. Now, right across the top of the hat from left to right, pick up the loose top and fold over towards the front. Adjust this until it suits you, then catch lightly in position with a few stitches. Put the pin or quill in position as shown in the picture.

For the 1920s version which is making a fashion comeback this season, put the hat on, adjust comfortably, then pull the fullness down at the side, instead of the front. Make the pleat along the crown in the same way and fix it with a quill or hatpin.

END

Young Spartans

(*Continued from page* 16)

writing in the *British Medical Journal*, an expert recently quoted the opinion of the school doctors from four public schools that very few boys had sustained any injury to their noses by the age of seventeen, either from boxing or rugger.

With the child who has suffered from any severe illness the opinion of the family doctor is, of course, essential before he or she is allowed to indulge in strenuous forms of sport. Doctors are much less inclined nowadays automatically to forbid games to a child who has had heart trouble, for they have come to realize that the heart has tremendous powers of recuperation. If the child does not become unduly tired or breathless, it can generally be safely said that his heart is able to cope with his body's increased need for blood-supply during exercise. The old idea that all athletes die from heart disease is now known to be based on a fallacy. Athletes of any excellence do have large hearts, but this is because the heart, which is a muscular organ to pump the blood round our bodies, grows bigger and thicker in response to effort just like the muscles in a cyclist's calves.

Exercise and games playing is also allowed far sooner nowadays after other illnesses or operations, for we have found that they actually promote the process of convalescence. Certain things like swimming, and especially diving, may be inadvisable for a child who has had ear trouble or sinusitis, and caution is necessary with some forms of skin complaints. Naturally, the child's own doctor will be the best person to ask about the need for special precautions.

Another problem which may exercise the parent's mind is what sort of games or sports are best suited to the individual boy or girl. Different types of sport call for different qualities of body and temperament. As the famous athlete, Dr. Roger Bannister, wrote in a recent article, "three different abilities are tested by sport . . . the first is the ability to exert muscular force over a distance or time which depend on the particular sport. This we call strength or power. The second is the ability of 'neuromuscular co-ordination' which is reflected in the agility, skill and judgment with which individual movements are performed . . . the third ability is the judgment with which the whole behaviour pattern necessary for the game is planned. All sports and games test different combinations of these three abilities. For example, in playing golf 'neuromuscular co-ordination' is at a premium, whilst strength is much less important. Rugby and association football, on the other hand, are most thorough trials of all three abilities."

The child's own natural bent should generally be the best guide to his or her choice of sports. It is a great mistake to dragoon a child into taking up a game for which he or she has a real aversion, though some necessary firmness in encouraging the overcoming of early setbacks should be exerted. The father who has been a good games-player or athlete is especially apt to badger his small son to take up the same sport. We do not inherit all our parent's abilities—or disabilities—so there is no logical reason why the child of a tennis star should be good at ball games; but may be better at, say swimming. There is only need for parental anxiety about the child who does not take to any form of game or sport, a condition usually seen only in neurotic or severely inhibited children, unless due to physical illness.

END

The Magic Box

(*Continued from page* 42)

process, which powders without looking "powdery"; Helena Rubinstein's made literally of silk; Pond's face powder, based on results of prolonged research into skin colour tones. The identical shade in two different brands of powder will sometimes give different results, one giving a more mat, more lasting finish than the other.

This is assuming that you have tracked down the correct shade to wear, which, frankly, is not easy. All you can do is to use your own judgment, ask the advice of the assistant at the cosmetic counter (Yardley's, for instance, have a training scheme for assistants who are selling their products in stores and chemists, so that they know what they are talking about) and then bear these rules in mind. . . .

Powder changes colour under artificial light . . . choose it by daylight.

Powder compressed tightly under Cellophane will tend to look lighter than it really is . . . it is best to choose from a testing stand where you can put a little of the actual powder on to your wrist. . . .

Creamy, rachel powders tone down a florid complexion . . . the pinky warm ones give vitality to a sallow skin. NOT the other way round which logic might suggest.

Now about the problem of "colour trueness." If your make-up turns brown after an hour or two of wear, jettison your current face powder colour and try a more pinky, neutral shade. It is a mysterious business, this change of tone. It has nothing to do with the powder, but it is what the wearer does to the powder. People with a lot of acid in their skin, for instance, tend to turn the ochre tones brown.

Perhaps this is the place to explode a fallacy about face powder. It does not clog the pores. Face powder is intended to give the complexion a surface dressing, as it were, and on the surface it stays. It doesn't—can't in fact — work itself into the pores to "clog" them.

A brief word on powder allergy. There are some women who are allergic to face powder although this condition is very rare. Every rash on the face is not cosmetic dermatitis. If on medical investigation you are found to have a cosmetic allergy, special non-allergic preparations can be prescribed.

END

September Reading

(*Continued from page* 39)

old nannie, gazing at falling rain, said: "I think God must be crying."

Mr. Home went into R.A.D.A., acting, politics, Sandhurst, prison—for disobeying an order over a conscience scruple. From prison came *Now Barabbas*, from politics *The Chiltern Hundreds*. At times he writes facetiously, at others with all the ponderous fervour of the rebel who finds himself the only man in step. But **"Half Term Report"** (Longmans, 15s.) is a notable autobiography.

Old Ocean's Baubles is the sub-title to Prof. Edmund W. Gilbert's **"Brighton"** (Methuen, 25s.), and for a glittering bauble it has a wealth of social history, not only Regency but Victorian.

It's a far cry from here to the Highlands and Western Isles of Johnson's and Boswell's 1773 tour, which was then almost equivalent to a trip to Siberia. Moray McLaren, following in **"The Highland Jaunt"** (Jarrolds, 16s.) the rout they covered mostly on horseback, foot or by small boat, evokes their ghosts with doting reminiscence, comparing the places as they were and as they are today.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's country is the Kent-Sussex border. Meeting it again in **"The View From The Parsonage"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) and recalling the early novels, one almost has a feeling of "coming home." Not only does she steep us in place but in people—this time a lovable marsh rector, a squire who had renounced Orders to become a Bradlaugh secularist, and his two daughters, both rebels in their way. The rector's tender, inhibited love for (*Continued on page* 76)

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Blanche, who marries unhappily, then goes into a convent, gives poignancy to the story.

The test of a novel about Rossetti must turn on the realism or otherwise of the imagined dialogue, for the love story—Elizabeth Siddall, Fanny Cornforth, Mrs. William Morris—is more or less ready-made. In **"Victorian Love Story"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) Nerina Shute, I feel, takes too loose a liberty with the talk, which often makes us ask: "But would they have said that?" This irritating defect in an otherwise well-written romance makes me prefer the straight biographies and William Gaunt's admirable *Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy*; but that is a reaction others may not share.

I usually find myself well disposed towards novels with Italian background; it is such an escape from our moody summer! Suffolk-reared Henry in H. W. Freeman's **"The Poor Scholar's Tale"** (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.) wins an Oxford travelling Fellowship to Italy, and in Florence falls in love with an Italian girl. Back in Suffolk he has to work on the land, but eventually returns to Italy, finds that the girl is now a ruthless Fascist virago, and consoles himself with another nearer his dreams. He, the tale, and the reader all are the better for an enchanting touch of Boccaccio.

Peasant Sicily is the setting of Charles Humana's **"A Lover For Lucia"** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). She certainly deserved her lover, for she was thirty-five, plain, masculine and land-worn, working for a blind, crippled father; but not the hostility of priest and villagers, who say that the guilty pair killed the old man when he died from a fall. The drama climbs to climax when Lucia flees in terror through winter snow, to find happiness in the end. Sicilian scene and people are well done.

Victoria, after an unhappy marriage, goes to an Italian *albergo* to teach the family English in Louise Gray's **"Lonely Journey"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.). She falls in love with one of the sons, Julio, but staying at the hotel there is also a U.S.-Italian journalist, Dan Roselli—the kind of guy who, in the end, is insistent enough to wire her from Milan: "All my socks have holes except ones I'm wearing can't afford new ones might be cheaper to get married stop. . . ." A story of tender sentiment, again with warm Italian background.

By contrast, Thomas H. Raddall's **"Tide-fall"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) takes us to stern Nova Scotia where a tough skipper who has profited in the smuggling trade buys a heavily mortgaged shipping firm, marries the "classy" daughter of the late owner, and finds her no salve for the devil of unrest that afflicts him.

Three Robert Hale novels make a diverse appeal. Faith Baldwin's **"Sleeping Beauty"** (9s. 6d.) has a girl who falls in love with a rich U.S. playboy because he scowls so nicely, also one of the worst lines I've read for years: "The cow chonked solemnly upon succulence with bovine indifference." Not only does she marry him, she nearly repeats the mistake after the marriage has broken. A surprising lapse for one who had "always disliked being handled."

A very simple story about a boy who strolls out from his foster-home, gets scared by a buzz-bomb, falls in with a deserter on the run, and goes with him to a forest gipsy tribe, is Dorothy Evelyn Smith's **"He Went For A Walk"** (9s. 6d.).

Robert Carson's **"The Magic Lantern"** (12s. 6d.) is not at all simple. In five hundred crowded pages it presents the life story of a Hollywood tycoon and his son, the rise of the film industry with its intrigues, stunts, hectic couch affairs and general brash cussedness. Breathtaking, prodigious!

Also for September reading:

Two new pocket travel guides have been recently brought out by McGraw-Hill, **"France"** and **"The British Isles"** each 15s. Concise and comprehensive. **"A Window On Greece"** by Barbara Whelpton (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) is the story of the author's journey through Greece, illustrated by her own lithographs and drawings. In **"Enjoy Your Gardening"** by W. E. Shewell-Cooper (Evans, 8s 6d.) the author explains how to take the back-breaking work out of gardening. **"The Sailor's Foot"** by Ethelbert M. Robinson (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) is the adventures of an American woman and a thirty-foot yacht, cruising through France from the Seine to the Mediterranean. Alexander Lake, an intrepid big-game hunter, tells of his unusual and thrilling experiences in **"African Adventures"** (W. H. Allen, 15s.). **"Stitches And Frills"** by J. B. Lumsden (Faber, 12s. 6d.)—an excellent handbook on all varieties of sewing. **"Adventures Of The World"** by James Fisher (Rathbone Books, 10s. 6d.) presents a picture of our ever-changing world.

Best of this month's novels: **"No Grave For March"** by M. E. Chaber (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s. 6d.). **"To Next Year In Jerusalem"** by David Marcus (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). **"Desire Of The Heart"** by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Cyprian Shore"** by Anthony Rushworth (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.). **"The Native Heath"** by Elizabeth Fair (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"The Scorpion On The Stone"** by Joyce Collin-Smith (James Barrie, 12s. 6d.).

END

Your Dressing Table (*Continued from page 20*)

floral-patterned fabric.

Cover the table-top with oil baize (matching the curtain background colour). Replace the old drawer knob with a pretty glass one. Cover the visible front of the drawer with oil baize, turned in ½ in. all round and fixed with evenly spaced coloured drawing-pins. Refix or replace the handle.

Make and hang the curtains, leaving the drawer space clear.

Frilled white ninon over coloured foundation (see the lower illustration on page 20) is enchantingly feminine. Use at least double fullness in a thin fabric such as ninon (or marquisette). Ninon frilled down one side only should have widths joined along their plain sides. If frilled each side, make two or three pairs of curtains, according to width required and hang them with frills just touching.

For the foundation and table top oil baize (American cloth) in a rich colour will be softened by the ninon overdrape. No fullness or turnings are required. For the table size already given 2 yd., 52 in. wide are needed, also coloured drawing pins matching the baize.

Cut an entire width to stretch round the legs from under the table rim to ½ in. above the floor, and overlap part of a second width on to it to give the length needed. Secure just under the table rim with drawing pins. Lay on the table another piece about 3 in. larger each way than the table top and bring the baize edges smoothly and tautly over the rim, with neatly pleated corners. Drawing-pin in place on the rim underside.

Stool with frilled cushion. The knee-hole dressing table is ideal for sitting at, as it gives space for your legs. There is a white-wood box-stool on the market, with inside space for shoe-cleaning equipment and a centre-hinged lid which folds over to provide a raised foot-rest. Hide its rather squat lines with a loose frilled cushion-pad which whips off in a moment at shoeshine time.

From unbleached calico or an old cotton frock make a case the size of the stool top and stuff it flatly with kapok or several thicknesses of cheap Turkish towelling (it needn't be new) tacked firmly together. Make an outer cover to match the dressing-table skirts, with a double-fullness frill cut 8 in. deep. Narrowly hem the frill base, gather its top edge to fit the cushion cover and stitch in with the cushion seams; or add the frill afterwards round the edges of the underside.

Seersucker skirts and gingham pelmet. A whitewood kidney dressing-table costs about £5. With a plate glass top the cost is about £10. For draping in soft white seersucker trimmed with red and white checked gingham for a table 42 in. long, 23 in. wide and 33 in. high (an average size) you will need 6¼ yd. of seersucker cotton and 2 yd. of check gingham, both 36 in. wide; also 5 yd. of "Rufflette" brand pocketed curtain tape and a curtain hook for each ring on the rail.

Cut five entire widths of seersucker each the table height plus 1½ in. for turnings. Split one width vertically and seam two curtains each two and a half widths. Similarly cut and seam five widths of check gingham 7 in. deep. Lay the lower edges of gingham and seersucker together, right side of gingham to wrong side of curtain and seam. Press the gingham over to the curtain right side as a broad band. Fold in its top edge and stitch down to the curtain. Measure upwards the depth of the required length and at that point turn down the curtain top singly to the wrong side. Stitch on "Rufflette" brand tape with its top edge slightly below the fold, cutting off any surplus fabric so that the tape covers its raw edge. Space the hooks evenly in the tape pockets, pull up the tape cords to the right fullness and hook into the rings on the runway.

Top and Pelmet. If you are not using plate glass, paint the table top with shiny enamel or cover it with oil baize.

The check pelmet is a straight strip 12 in. deep and long enough to encircle the table top. When joining to get this length, take care the seams are quite vertical. Fold into a double strip 6 in. deep. Seam up one end, then (with ½-in. seams) join to the shaped seersucker from end to end. Hem the unjoined seersucker edge.

To hang trim and taut the pelmet should be stiffened with strips of buckram cut ¼ in. shallower than the finished pelmet depth. Overlap strips together till long enough. Insert this stiffening flat through the open pelmet end and tack lightly in place to its under-thickness only. Close the open end with tacking. When the pelmet is laundered first untack and slip the buckram out. In use, a plate glass top holds top and pelmet firmly in place.

Draped window shelf. Fix a broad plank over the sill of a slightly recessed window, just filling the space. When skirted, it makes a space-saving narrow dressing-table, specially suitable for a child's room. Paint the board top with cellulose enamel in a cheerful colour and hang from it a pair of curtains with a two inch "head" at the top to hide the rail fitting. These divide in front to give access to a lower shelf for toys or shoes. The rod for the curtain should be fixed to the front thickness of the plank.

END

Looking At Houses (*Continued from page 45*)

until Victorian times. Thus they were invisible from the street, servants and very poor relations who slept in the attics could not see out into the street either. All they saw was the brick wall of the parapet a few feet from their attic windows. But in detached houses the roof was generally exposed.

Now one of the most difficult things in the proportion of a house is to design a satisfactory pitch for a roof so that the house doesn't look as if it has got a hat on which is too big for it; and a decent projection of the roof beyond the house wall is another subtlety which Georgian people seemed to be able to do right by instinct. Very often an old roof turns up slightly at its eaves. Always if an old roof is made of stone or slate which can be cut into various sizes the stone or slates are graded, starting small at the ridge and getting almost as large as gravestones by the time they reach the eaves.

Another delight of proportion is to be found in the windows of Georgian houses. These are generally of the same width throughout but in houses of three and four storeys the biggest windows are on the first floor, where the (*Continued on page 78*)

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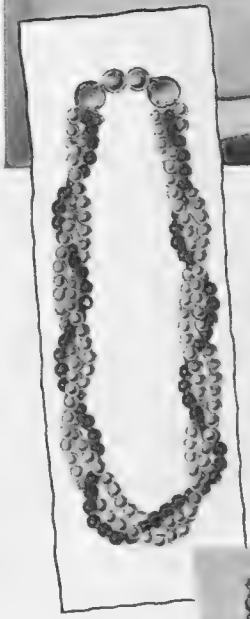

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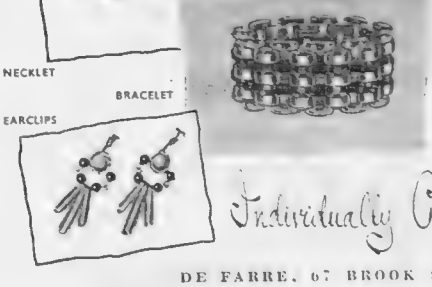

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grand drawing-rooms were, getting smaller in succeeding storeys. In two-storey houses the tallest windows are on the ground floor. In Queen Anne's reign they could not make very large sheets of glass so that panes are small and the wooden glazing bars are thick. But later in the eighteenth century when glass could be made in larger sheets and thinner, the panes were made larger and the glazing bars thinner.

Lastly, there is the history of houses which may be gained from their position and the name of the street in which they stand. Queen Anne houses are generally near the parish church in the old part of the town or village. Then slightly farther out, before you get to the railway station and the spread out motor-transport development beyond it, there will probably be a terrace of brick or stucco-faced late Georgian houses, with thin glazing bars in the windows which I have described. But in order to find out how old they are you will have to look above the shop fronts, which probably deface them.

Incidentally, when you are in a town or village it is always a good idea to go down any side entry off the main street and take a look at the backs of the houses. There you will see the old roofs and windows I have been describing, and possibly the remains of a walled town garden, where once plums ripened on the wall. Names like Nelson Crescent and Wellington Square mean late Georgian, so do the titles of Royal Dukes, such as Sussex, Gloucester, Cambridge, Clarence and Kent, all brothers of George IV. While Station Road, Balaclava Avenue or a modern arty-crafty name like Orchard Close, obviously takes the road out of the Georgian period.

This is only the very slightest sketch of the many delights to be got from looking at Georgian buildings. Do not depend on guide books or on "experts." Use your eyes and your own judgment. The more you use them the more you will delight in that public gallery which is open free day and night—the English landscape.

END

Tess Of The d'Urbervilles

(*Continued from page* 52)

He turned, heartbroken, away. Hours passed as he wandered distractedly in the countryside, when he became aware of a woman following him. It was Tess. "Angel," she said, "do you know what I have been running after you for? To tell you that I have killed him! It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way. I could not bear the loss of you any longer—you don't know how entirely I was unable to bear your not loving me! Say you do now, dear, dear, husband; say you do, now I have killed him."

"I do love you, Tess—O, I do . . . !" Tenderness was absolutely dominant in Clare at last.

"I will not desert you! I will protect you by every means in my power, dearest love, whatever you may have done or not have done!"

In hiding in an empty mansion the lovers spent two idyllic days together, happy at last, but the discovery of their hiding place drove them on to seek escape through one of the northern ports.

The long trek through the night led them to Stonehenge when, exhausted, Tess flung herself upon one of the great stone slabs. Clasping her husband's hand she slept at last, and as the first lights of dawn crept up over the great plain a man approached. It is the end. Her pursuers have arrived.

"It is as it should be," she murmured. . . . "I am ready. . . ."

* * * *

Two people stood on the hilltop outside the city of Wintoncester. It was Angel Clare and Tess's younger sister Liza-Lu.

"Upon the cornice of the tower a tall staff was fixed. Their eyes were riveted on it. A few minutes after the hour struck a black flag moved slowly up the staff, and extended itself upon the breeze.

"'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals . . . had ended his sport with Tess."

END

Guilty Wives!

(*Continued from page* 13)

The house is well run, her husband's every interest is studied, the children absorb her. She delights to deny herself so that they may have what her loving solicitude suggests as their right. If money is a problem she does without clothes, skips the hairdresser, sacks the daily, cuts herself off from outside interests and keeps on doing it until sacrifice becomes something near to an obsessional neurosis.

"Why don't you buy yourself some clothes . . .?" says her husband, baffled at the aura of resentment that encloses them. "Have a weekend somewhere. . . . I'll look after the children . . . ."

But, no: "How can I have new clothes when the children need school uniforms. . . ." Or, "Fancy leaving you with the children. Imagine the pickle I'd have to clean up when I came back. . . ." So that polishes him off. It also leaves him puzzled, conscience smitten, resentful and preoccupied with remembrance of the girl he first loved and married. How much more fun to live with her. With somebody less exacting; with someone who occasionally gives *him* the pleasure of striking a sacrificial pose.

Anyhow, "You know best, dear . . ." is a very irritating retort when you have been asked for an opinion about some important issue affecting both your lives. It leaves him with the obligation to make up *both* your minds and having made a pot shot at what you want, lays himself open to attack if he has guessed wrong.

Subjugation, far from being an aid to happiness in marriage is a menace to it. A woman may subdue her longing for, say, another child with the best of motives. Later, (*Continued on page* 80)

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perhaps too late, the splendid impulse to unselfishness wears thin and resentment sets in. The poor man is bewildered. "If you wanted a baby why didn't you say so . . . ? We could have managed somehow. I never had anything against the idea anyway!"

A sensible woman who feels like indulging a little self interest like getting herself a washing machine, asks for a washing machine. If he can afford it she will probably get it. If he can't afford it she might still get it. He may have to deny himself to do it, but maybe he will enjoy it, too.

How to be unselfish and know when to stop? Anyone aware of the complexities of human relationships will boggle at an exact answer to that query. Why answer it? We are ourselves, not the creatures we think we should be. They may be feminine perfection but if men tell you that they like feminine perfection you needn't believe them.

END

Knitting

(*Continued from pages 58–59*)

THE JUMPER (*From page 58*)

knitways, k. 3; rep. from * to ending sl. 1 knitways, p. 1.

These 2 rows form the pattern. Rep. them in dark then in light then dark then medium and continue, inc. at each end of the 5th, then every 6th row, until 125 sts. on needle. Complete 13-14 ins. from beg.

Shape Armholes.—Keeping to patt., dec. at each end of the next 15 rows = 95 sts. on needle. Complete 26 rows of armhole shaping.

Shape for the Yoke.—Patt. 39 sts., turn; and slipping first st., patt. back to end. Continue, rep. the shaping working 2 sts. less each time, until all but 3 sts. are shaped; k. in dark across 39 sts. of shaping and the 17 centre sts. Leave on spare needle.

Work on the sts. for other side of yoke to correspond. Then with the needle holding the 56 sts., continue to k. across the other 39 shaped sts. Continue on these sts. thus:

Yoke.—Rib on these sts. for 20 rows. Change to the fine needles, and rib 24 rows (= k. 1, p. 1 rib to match welts).

Cast off on next row loosely and in rib.

THE FRONT

Work exactly as for the back.

The Sleeves.—Using the fine needles, cast on 85 sts. and rib as for the welts for 14 rows. Change to the larger needles and patt. st. and continuing, inc. at each end of the 3rd, and then every 4th row until 99 sts. on needle. Complete length required.

Shape Top.—Keeping to patt. dec. at each end of every row until 55 sts. remain. Then dec. at each end of every other row until 25 sts. remain, cast off loosely. Work another sleeve likewise.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders sides and sleeves. Set in sleeves, placing seam to seam at underarm. Turn over 1½ ins. of ribbing at neck edge and press into position. Press jumper under a damp cloth and warm iron.

THE CARDIGAN (*From page 59*)

in patt. as given for back until work measures as back to armhole. Now commence armhole and front shaping. Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at start of next row commencing armhole edge then dec. 1 st. at this edge on next row and following 5 alternate rows *at the same time* dec. 1 st. at front edge on every 4th row until 25 (27, 29) sts. remain. Now continue in patt. without further shaping until work measures as back to shoulder. Cast off 12 (13, 14) sts. at start of next row commencing shoulder edge. Work on 1 row. Cast off remainder.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. and work in k. 1 p. 1 rib for 2½ ins. (2½ ins., 3 ins.) inc. 1 st. at beg. of the last row. Change to No. 10 needles, and work in patt. as given for back inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until there are 77 (81, 85) sts. on the needle. Work without further shaping until work measures 10 ins. (12 ins., 14 ins.). To shape top, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 10 rows, then dec. at the start only of every row until 39 (39, 41) sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT STRAPPINGS AND COLLAR

With No. 13 needles cast on 11 sts. and work 4 rows in moss st. Here make buttonhole as follows. **1st row.**—Moss st. 4 cast off 3 work to end of row. **2nd row.**—Moss st. 4 cast on 3 work to end of row.

Work in moss st. for 21 (22, 23) rows then rep. buttonhole. Continue in this manner until 6 buttonholes in all have been worked. Now continue in moss. st. inc. 1 st. at inside edge on next and every alternate row until there are 29 sts. on the needle. Work straight for 9¼ ins. (9¾ ins., 10 ins.) then dec. 1 st. on inside edge of every alternate row until 11 sts. remain. Work without shaping until strip is as long as buttonhole strip. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew front strappings and collar, shaped edge to neck. Sew on buttons.

THE SKIRT (*From page 59*)

lemon hanging and work 2 rows in blue thus:

54th row.—P. all sts.

55th row.—As 47th row. Break off blue. P. one row in lemon, then work 4 rows of rib in lemon. Break off lemon, and work 3 rows of stone thus: **61st row.**—K. 10 (k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 7), 9 times, k. 2, k. 2 tog. (130 sts.) **62nd row.**—K. 3 (p. 7, k. 6), 9 times, p. 7, k. 3.

63rd row.—P. 3 (k. 7, p. 6), 9 times, k. 7, p. 3. Leave stone hanging and p. the next row in jade, then work 5 rows of rib in jade. Break off jade. P. the next row in stone, then work 2 rows of rib in stone. Break off stone.

73rd row.—Red: k. 2 tog., k. 8 (k. 2 tog., k. 11), 9 times, k. 3. (120 sts.)

Work 11 rows of rib in red. Break off red.

85th row.—K. all sts. in lemon.

Now work 4 rows of rib in lemon. Leave lemon hanging.

90th row.—Blue: p. 2 tog., p. 8 (p. 2 tog., p. 10), 9 times, p. 2.

91st row.—Blue: p. 2, (k. 7, p. 4), 9 times, k. 7, p. 2. Break off blue.

P. one row in lemon, then work 4 rows of rib in lemon. Break off lemon. K. 1 row in stone, then work 2 rows of rib in stone Leave stone hanging.

P. 1 row in jade, then work 5 rows of rib in jade. Break off jade.

106th row.—Stone: p. 11 (p. 2 tog., p. 9), 9 times. (101 sts.)

Work 2 rows of rib in stone. Break off stone. K. 1 row in red, then work 11 rows of rib in red. Break off red.

121st row.—Lemon: k. 10 (k. 2 tog., k. 8), 9 times, k. 1. (92 sts.)

Continue in rib in the same order of colour as used throughout, until work measures 13 ins. (or 2 ins. less than required length), then change to No. 13 needles and continue in rib for a final 2 ins. Cast off in rib.

Work a second piece exactly the same.

MAKING UP

Join side seams. Press carefully slightly pulling out lower half of skirt.

THE BRACES (2)

Using No. 13 needles and red, cast on 10 sts. and work in garter st. for 2 rows. Make a buttonhole by casting off the 2 centre sts. on the next row, and by casting on 2 sts. in their place on the following row. Work in garter st. for 13 ins. (or required length) then make a second buttonhole. Work 2 more rows of garter st. then cast off. St. 2 buttons at top of skirt, back and front, and fasten braces to these.

END

A Light Hand With Sponge

(*Continued from page 60*)

prefer to make a *Victoria Sponge*, which has just that little extra moistness. Using the basic sponge recipe, add 2 oz. of butter or margarine, well-creamed, and beat into egg and sugar mixture before adding the flour.

Genoese Sponge is a very rich mixture, which can be used as the foundation for really important constructions. Or it can be cut into squares, triangles and other shapes, iced and decorated. Coated with melted marshmallow and rolled in toasted nuts, it makes a gastronomic exclamation mark on your extra special tea-table. Here is the recipe:

Genoese Sponge

6 large eggs; 6 oz. unsalted butter; 5 oz. flour; 1 oz. cornflour; 8 oz. sugar.

Break the eggs into a basin, add the sugar, and whisk over a saucepan of boiling water for about 20 minutes. Sieve the flour and cornflour together, cream the butter, and add butter and flour alternately to the egg mixture. Work very quickly and stir lightly. Grease the tin, then dust with a mixture of sifted flour and caster sugar. Pour the sponge mixture into the tin and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes.

Even if you have never made a *Swiss Roll* before, I promise you a successful one at the first attempt if you follow these rules. Use an oblong tin with shallow straight sides. About 9 by 12 in. is the best size. Brush the tin lightly with melted butter, then line it with paper, making sure that the paper fits closely. I prefer a Victoria Sponge for a Swiss Roll, but you can use a plain sponge with equal success.

Pour the mixture into the prepared tin, making sure that it is even, and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. This mixture being spread shallowly needs less time. While the cake is cooking, soak a teacloth and wring out tightly. Spread out and sprinkle with caster sugar. As soon as the cake is cooked, turn it upside down on the teacloth and tear the paper off quickly in strips. Spread the cake with warm jam, keeping it away from the edges, and roll quickly and tightly, using the cloth as an aid. Allow the roll to remain in the teacloth for 3 minutes to set the shape, then remove the teacloth and cool as usual.

If you have a really important birthday party to cater for, try the sponge illustrated:

Strawberry Cream Sandwich

4 oz. self-raising flour (or 4 oz. plain flour and 1 rounded teaspoon of baking powder); pinch of salt; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; ½ lb. fruit; 3 oz. vegetable-fat shortening; 3 oz. caster sugar; 1 gill double cream.

Brush one 8-in. sandwich tin with melted vegetable-fat shortening, line bottom with greaseproof paper and brush this with the melted fat. Sieve the self-raising flour (or plain flour and baking powder) and the salt together. Cream the vegetable-fat shortening and sugar until soft and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time, then add the vanilla essence. Fold in the flour very lightly, put into greased tin, smooth the top and bake in a moderate oven (Gas No. 4 or 360 deg. F.) for 30–35 minutes. Cool on a cake rack and when cold cut open. Cut a 3-in. circle from centre of top half. Whip the cream, and sandwich the two halves together with half the cream and sliced fruit. Fill the centre with the remaining fruit and cream. Dust sides with icing sugar.

END

Kenwood electric food mixer and cooking utensils from Harrods and Druces of Baker Street.

1.9.54

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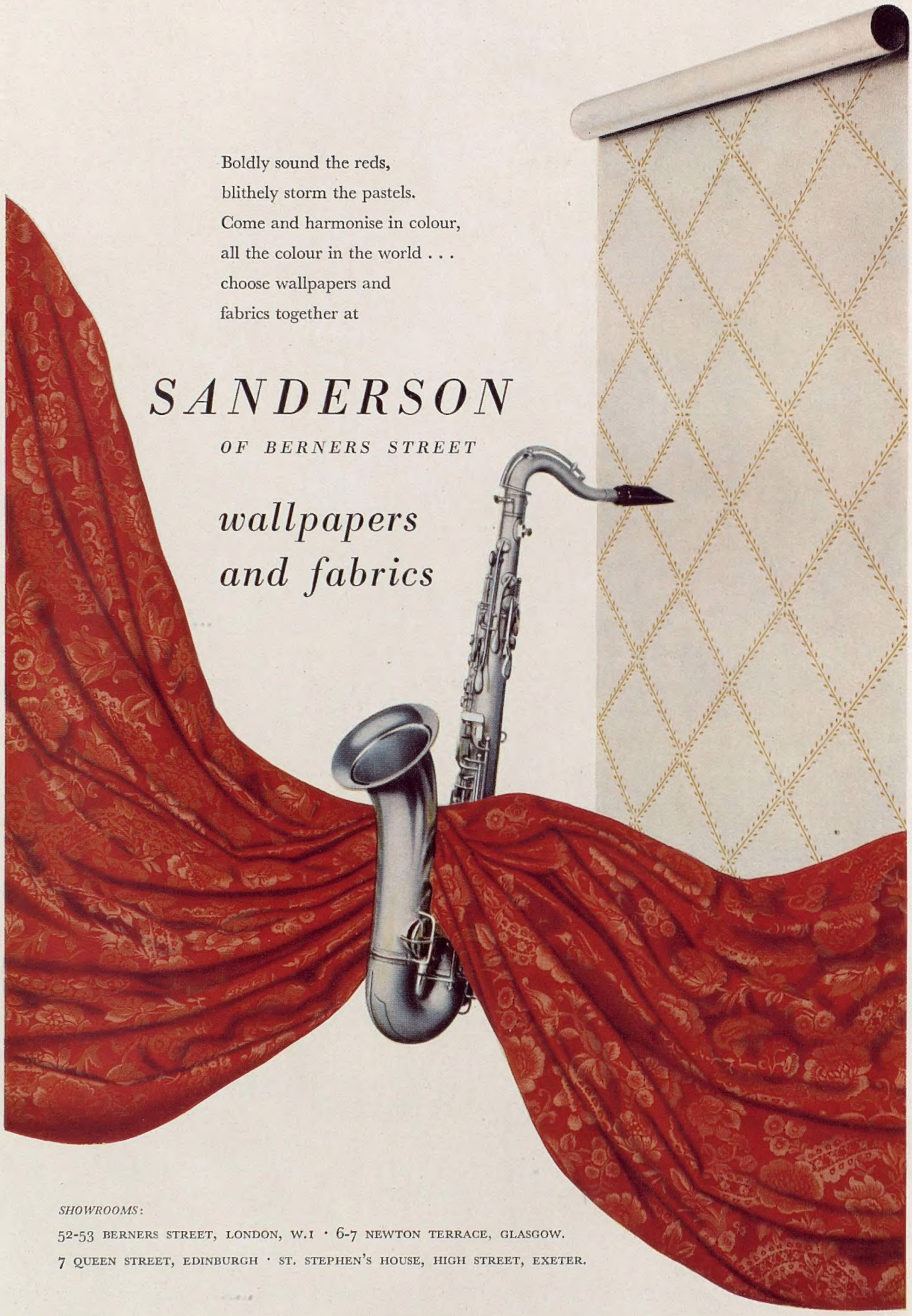
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